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POLITICAL TOPICS OF THE DAY.

It is a curious and instructive study to watch the different effects produced on different parties by the news from Sebastopol. To that news there is nothing striking to add; the cavalry action to the north-east of Eupatoria seems to have led to no great results; the English fleets may be doing something at Odessa, but what nobody can tell; and the army generally is preparing for winter. It is unprofitable work to keep turning over and over these facts when nothing more can be got out of them; but we think that the way in which the great news of the taking of the place has been received in Europe, may be beneficially studied till fresh events arise.

Our readers have no doubt seen the important announcement in the "Moniteur," by which Napoleon virtually forbids the Muratists to expect any encouragement from him. He is gradually making his dynasty stable by associating its interests with those of all established governments. He will make his cause and that of all monarchs a common one, if he can. In this last act, we do not see any reason to blame him. The Murat monarchy was at best a temporary affair,—the creature of Napoleon's conquests, and of the troubles of the hour,—and it would be ridiculous to treat a kingdom as the hereditary property of the family of a French cavalry officer. Bomba is indeed a miscreant whom no man can mention with patience. But his terrors have now been acted on by the Allies, and his prudence appealed to by the Emperor of Austria, and his extravagancies have been checked. In treating of the Italians, we must remember that it is not with a free or enlightened country that we have to deal. The lower orders are sunk in superstition, and the upper enervated by ages of indolence and sensuality. The intellectual and active sec-

tion are divided amongst themselves into constitutionalists and republicans,—mystics and materialists,—Catholics and infidels, and one knows not what other divisions. The man who would "raise" them, may have reason, as an Italian, for his proceedings, but has no right to expect the support of distant and independent countries.

The manifesto of the republican Cerberus,—whose three heads are Mazzini, Ledru Rollin, and Kossuth,—was not long in following the great event which gave occasion to it. As Napoleon uses the stones of the fallen city to strengthen the foundations of his throne,—allying himself with the cause of order all over Europe, and disclaiming any attempt to advance his connections—the republicans are for hurling the burning fragments at all Kings and Kaisers on the globe. Everybody would snatch something out of the fire, as at a game of snap-dragon. Now, Mazzini is warm-hearted, Kossuth is eloquent, and as they choose to adopt Rollin, they reflect some of these qualities on him. But what on earth have the English people to do with the views of the three? What is the up-shot of them? What is the exact proposal conveyed? How is any Englishman to be better, wiser, or happier, by listening to these three clever fellows? To begin with—we do not know what they would be at. It is all fire and smoke. Somebody is to be hanged, one would gather; but what is to follow then? Shall we then have a good system of education, fewer taxes, sanitary reforms, and improved morals? It is a little hard that this country should be used as a dunghill for these cocks to crow upon. Not one of them has shown any constructive or practical intellect, and as for "eloquence"—why that is a mere matter of semi-sensual pleasure in most cases, and about as beneficial as the

tunes of a good fiddler. We have found it hard enough, and costly enough, and anxious enough, a business to conduct the war so far, as a single fight against Russia. We are now asked to improve our position by adding a dozen or so of new wars to it,—a Hungarian one,—an Italian one,—one of peoples *versus* kings,—one of republicans *versus* conservatives. Russia would like nothing better. It would just be her opportunity,—and it is well known that it is one of her games to foster the "reds" in certain parts of Europe, by the same clever agents who in another encourage the despot. The English public do not like despotism. But they have nothing to do just now with the abstract question of despotism. Had Russia been a Red Republic, we should equally have been at war with her. We should not allow America to seize Jamaica. It is a question of national prudence, not of speculative politics.

The fact is, that individuals like these three—whom we cannot help comparing to three witches dancing round a cauldron, and taking a pleasure in its horrors,—do not act fairly by the quiet Englishman. We of the "Illustrated Times" are English, *avant tout*, and shall explain what we mean. The politics of a country are the results of its social state—of its race, customs, laws—just as a man's skin is an expression of the state of his body. England is a limited monarchy with a mixed aristocratic system of government. But it is not so because anybody, or any number of anybodies, laid their heads together to plan it. It has grown to be so. Our constitution has formed itself, like our forests. It is our own, just as our beer is our own. Your Reds would impose something upon us external, extrinsic,—a number of feelings no more ours naturally, than the games, proverbs, or manners of other countries are ours. Here has



A SKETCH IN THE STREETS OF SEBASTOPOL.—(BY JULIAN FORSTER.)

our friend Rollin failed in his own country in establishing the kind of government he likes, and so he must needs try to dictate to us, whom he naturally knows infinitely less. It is easy, say the old wizards, to raise the devil, but the job is what to do with him, when you have him up. Rollin found this out long ago; so now wants us to run the risk along with him.

We are for vigorous war till we can get honourable peace. But will the war be helped or hindered by our forcing Austria to send armies to Italy, and Napoleon to employ his in putting down barricades? Is our governing system so good already that we can afford to put double work upon it? Are the three able men than the whole traditional system of Europe, which embodies the labours of hundreds of men with whom none of them would be put in comparison?

Mr. Bright has not been unaffected by the fall of Sebastopol. He is for a vigorous war, it seems,—else why propose a conscription? An angry man lays hold of the readiest means of annoying people, and on this occasion Mr. Bright was very angry. He has been a supporter of majorities always; let him now ask himself whether he is likely to be in the right against the country. If he answers "yes," he stultifies his past beliefs; if "no," his present conduct. Having settled as to his sense, let him study his taste, and inquire whether a pseudo-aristocratic sneer at writing for money comes well from a democratic vender of carpets.

From the language of Lord Palmerston, and that of the country generally, it is plain that ministers and people are agreed that the war must be carried on. There are no signs of repentance on the part of the enemy,—but who expects a great empire to be subdued in the course of a year? It must never be forgotten that to prepare for this struggle has been the business of Russia, while we have been occupied with entirely different matters. The "expense" is a natural subject of anxiety, but it is quite plain that we cannot make peace only because war is expensive; it is not a game to be taken up and laid down at our convenience: nor will the country tolerate negotiation as a means for improving the prospects of ministers already proved incompetent. Politicians are doing their best to turn the war to their own advantage; but the country would do well to study the great cause itself, as independently of these gentlemen as possible—and a private observer cannot do better than consider it simply in its relations to the general interests of England.

Foreign Intelligence.

FRANCE.

ABD-EL-KADER was received last week by the Emperor, and took leave, previous to his setting out for the East.

A Council of Ministers, at which the Emperor presided, was held on the 3rd inst. It is believed that the main subject of the deliberations of the Council was a proposition for peace, suggested by Austria, and which she undertakes to say that Russia would accept.

On the proposition of Prince Napoleon, President of the Imperial Commission, the closing of the Exhibition has been definitely fixed for the 15th of November next. The distribution of the recompenses awarded to the exhibitors by the jury will take place on the same day. The Emperor will be present at the closing ceremony, and will himself distribute the recompenses. The medals are now ready to be struck at the Mint of Paris. The obverse displays a profile of the Emperor; the reverse, which is extremely rich in design and execution, represents the Imperial arms resting upon palms and wreaths, and surrounded with a streamer bearing the following inscription: "Exposition Universelle. Agriculture, Industrie, Beaux-Arts. Paris, 1855." All around are the escutcheons of the principal nations that have contributed to the Great Exhibition.

The "Moniteur" contains the following official note, treating of the letter by Prince Murat, recently published:—

The Emperor's Government has seen with deep regret the publication of a letter on the affairs of Naples, which would lead to the belief that the Emperor's policy, instead of being frank and loyal, as it has always been towards foreign governments, could secretly favour certain pretensions. The Government openly disavows them, under whatever form they are brought forward.

The following unexpected decree relative to the sale of butcher's meat in Paris will be read with interest:—

On and after the 16th of the present month, butcher's meat shall be sold at prices fixed by the authorities.

The price shall be fixed every fortnight for every kind of meat, according to the returns made at the Caisse de Poissy, and to the weight of meat ascertained to have been sent from the public slaughter-houses of Paris during the preceding fortnight.

For beef, the meat, with respect to the selling price by retail, shall be divided into three categories—1st. The buttock, the veiny piece, the sirloin, and the thick flank; 2nd. The shoulder, the kidneys and surrounding fat, the ribs, the neck; and 3rd. The sticking piece, the middle ribs, and the shin.—The "filet" (under cut of the sirloin), when detached, is considered as "viande de luxe," and will not be subjected to the fixed price.

For cow and bull beef the division of the pieces will be the same as for ox beef. For veal and mutton the pieces shall be divided into two categories. For veal, the first category will comprise the fillet, the kidneys and the loin, and the best cut of the breast; and the second, the brisket end of the breast, and the fore-knuckle, and the head. For mutton, the first category shall comprise the leg, the loin, and the saddle; and the second, the shoulder, the breast, and the neck.

Every buyer shall receive, even without claiming it, a ticket on which is marked down the denomination of the kind of meat and of the pieces, as also the weight and the price. Pieces of meat belonging to different categories are to be weighed and marked down separately.

Butchers are forbidden to weigh bone with the meat, and to deliver it (or what is vulgarly called "réjouissance") to customers. The bone is to be sold separately at such terms as may be agreed on between the butcher and the customer.

In the shops established in the markets, meat shall be sold at 10c. at least per kilogramme below the fixed price.

This decree has been well received by the people generally, who clap their hands at the idea that the butchers, against whose flagrant abuses of their monopoly a cry has long been raised, are about to be punished, and do not doubt for a moment that as soon as the new decree comes into operation, meat will be materially cheaper. There is no doubt that the butchers have made exorbitant profits. Instances are cited of large fortunes made in two or three years. But the true way to prevent them from fattening at the public cost, would have been to abolish their monopoly, and not to attempt to regulate their profits. It does not appear to have entered into the minds of the framers of the regulations that the quality of the meat is a matter of any moment. A joint of four-year-old South-down and a joint of ewe mutton is to be subjected to the same inflexible tax. This system is contrary to common sense, and cannot work. That part of the decree which delights housekeepers is the abolition of *réjouissance*—an expression which requires to be explained. The word *réjouissance* is a *lucus a non lucendo*, used to signify that at which the good housewife grieveth. It is the custom of the butchers, when weighing out meat, to throw into the scale a piece of dry bone (utterly useless to the purchaser) upon the plea that it is the fair share of the bone belonging to the portion of flesh sold. Many butchers buy bones on purpose to serve out to their customers as *réjouissance*.

SPAIN.

THE Spanish journals state, that although the expected communication relative to the Western alliance has not yet been laid before the Cortes, the *exposé des motifs* of the bill on the effective of the army and navy, alludes to the contingency of the participation of Spain in the war. The "Epoca" pretends that the contingent to be furnished by Spain will be 25,000 men, who will be commanded by the Marquis of Douro.

A letter from Madrid of the 30th ult., proceeding from a Carlist source, states that a conspiracy has been discovered, which had for its object to

induce the Queen to place herself at the head of a movement in a sense more democratic than the present system, with the view of overthrowing Espartero and O'Donnell, and, when everything was in confusion, to effect a re-actionary movement. For that purpose proclamations were printed and circulated. The person whose business it was to distribute them was arrested at the moment he was delivering them to the courier. A visit made to his house produced the discovery of 14,000 copies, as also the original, corrected by the hand of the author. On the handwriting being examined, it was found to be that of D. Augustin Perales, Secretary of the Queen, who has been just removed from his post in consequence of the new Palace regulations. Agents were sent to the Escorial to arrest and conduct him to Madrid, where he had been sent for the last eight days, the first four or five without any one being allowed to communicate with him; as also Garcia y Garcia and Alvarez Patino, persons unknown, and one Monge, a native of Galicia. The number of other persons also arrested is not exactly known.

The new Palace regulations have occasioned a good many complications, and they will be fertile in difficulties to the Government. The Queen, seeing herself obliged to part from those who were most deeply in her confidence, refused to sign the decree. O'Donnell said to her, "I understand, Madame; and, on losing the confidence of your Majesty, I know what my duty is." The Queen replied that he and his colleagues were at liberty to give in their resignations. The same day O'Donnell returned to Madrid, and submitted the affair to the Council of Ministers. On the following day Espartero proceeded to the Escorial, and, after having insisted for some time, as O'Donnell had done, said that the Ministers would not give in their resignations, nor make the question a Cabinet one; but that they would call together the Cortes, and submit it to them.

PORTUGAL.

ON the occasion of the Royal banquet given at the Aguda to celebrate the inauguration, the Duke of Saldanha, it is said, arranged the guests before they entered the dining-hall. His Grace, knowing far better how "to set a squadron in the field" than interpret the volumes of Court etiquette with due regard to their intricate canons, requested Sir R. Pakenham to escort Madame Ozeroff, the lady of the Russian Minister; but the British representative pleaded the impropriety of the demand, as the dinner was a public and state event, and his conduct would consequently be open to criticism as her Majesty's envoy. Just as the horns of a very awkward dilemma were appearing, one of the Lords in waiting effected a compromise, by suggesting the American Minister as cavalier to the Russian lady in the room of Sir Richard. This incident was followed by another still more disagreeable. M. Ozeroff, it seems, could not find the place which had been destined for him at the Royal table, and being probably out of temper with news of the fall of Sebastopol, his Excellency took the matter up rather warmly, but was prevented leaving the room by a Portuguese nobleman, who gave up his own place; he was ultimately pacified by the production of the card, which bore his name, and had been carried off the table by Madame Ozeroff's dress.

AUSTRIA.

THEIR Majesties the Emperor and Empress have returned to Ischl, from their visit to the King of Bavaria at St. Bartholomä, near Brechtsgaden. Their Majesties the King and Emperor have enjoyed the sport of chamois shooting, and have been most successful therein.

Austria, it is said, cannot act as mediator between Russia and the Western Powers, because she is the ally of the latter. According to Article IV. of the Treaty of December, neither of the high contracting parties "is to entertain any proposition on the part of the Imperial Court of Russia," and therefore Austria cannot listen to any proposals that may come from St. Petersburg, which are not also addressed to France and England.

The Austrian Government is terribly afraid that France and England, in spite of Article IV. of the Treaty of December, will ultimately settle the Eastern Question with Russia alone.

PRUSSIA.

AT Cologne, on Wednesday week, his Majesty the King of Prussia, accompanied by the Prince and Princess of Prussia, took part in the ceremony of laying the first stone of the new bridge over the Rhine. "The grace of God," said his Majesty, "has permitted us to commence this work in the midst of peace: let us pray God that we may continue it in peace; let us pray that this work may prosper under the blessings of peace; that it may rest eternally intact; and that long before the last stone is laid peace may be restored to the whole of Europe."

The King of Prussia is expected in Stuttgart on a visit to the King of Wurtemberg, and in repayment of the latter's visit to him at Stoeltensfelde-Rhine.

A letter from Berlin states that preparations are being made at the Russian Embassy for the reception of a member of the Imperial family, and it is said that the Grand Duke Nicholas, on his return from the southern provinces, is to proceed to that city to visit the Prussian Court, and to invite the King to Warsaw.

RUSSIA.

DURING the Czar's sojourn at Nicolaieff, a grand council of war was held on the 25th ult., under the presidency of the Emperor. The Emperor, on the 27th ult., inspected at Nicolaieff all the stores of arms and ammunition of that great depot, and expressed his high satisfaction on the occasion. The military stores collected in that arsenal are said to be so considerable that they would provide for all the wants of the war for a long time to come. The Emperor intended remaining three days at Nicolaieff.

Some of the continental letters assert positively that Russia is endeavouring to put forward new proposals for peace. The feeling throughout Europe regarding the serious nature of her present prospects seems greatly to have increased, and it is believed that the scarcity of grain in her northern provinces has added much to Russia's present peril and embarrassment.

There is an opinion generally entertained by the best-informed Russians that Count Nesselrode is really about to retire from public affairs.

A foreign merchant residing at Odessa states that the military police have arrested two persons who have recently made journeys to Perekop, and even penetrated into the Crimea. Other persons in the town have also been summoned before the Military Commandant, and closely examined.

A letter from St. Petersburg, of the 29th ult., says:—

The Imperial Court are returning by degrees to the capital. The Empress Marie, her children, the son of the Grand Duke Constantine, most of the Adjutants-General of the Emperor, the Ministers, &c., have already arrived. Uneasiness and depression have again gained the upper hand at Moscow, where the presence of the Court had for a few days caused the taking of Sebastopol to be forgotten.

Letters from the Finnish coast mention that several persons, most of them mayors, have been arrested in Finland, by order of the military commandants in the various districts. The causes of these arrests—80 in number—are stated to be political.

SWEDEN.

THE Stockholm journals occupy themselves with discussions concerning the departure for Paris of Baron Kun-Bonde, Director of the Chapel Royal and of the Royal Theatres. It is said that he is the bearer of a rich portrait of the King of Sweden, intended for the Emperor Napoleon III.; but it is also supposed that he is charged with a mission to the Emperor of the French, the object of which, however, has not transpired.

In several parts of the kingdom, the scarcity and high prices of provisions have occasioned some serious demonstrations, and reached such an extent that the Government have found it necessary to make a concession, and have therefore opened the ports, and now permit the free admission of grain and other article of food hitherto prohibited. This measure is likely to give general satisfaction, as it is of such an extensive nature, including "corn of all descriptions, bread, biscuit, groats, maize, rice, potatoes, butter, cheese, meat, cattle, bacon, fish, tallow, oil, and tallow."

The Queen Dowager of Sweden, while walking, on the 29th ult., in the park of Rosersberg, was suddenly seized with vertigo, and fell. On her medical attendants being sent for, it was found that she had broken her arm. The fracture is not, however, of a dangerous kind.

PIEDMONT.

THE King of Sardinia is at length convalescent, and the preparations for his contemplated visit to Paris have commenced.

A difficulty has arisen with the Austrian Government, which has seized on the property possessed in Lombardy by the religious corporations suppressed in Piedmont. Austria bases her conduct on what the Sardinian Government did when Joseph II. abolished the convents and monasteries, without bearing in mind that at that period a *bona fide* abolition was effected, which is not the case at present. The Sardinian Cabinet is discussing the question with Austria on legal grounds.

NAPLES.

ON Sunday, Sept. 16, Mazza harrassed the people in the centre of Piazza Morcato, declaring that he had not fallen, that he was always present at the councils of the King, and that they should be ever ready to defend their "assoluto Padrone," or, in other words, to prepare a conflagration similar to that of 1799. The public fear was such, that some of the first persons in Naples presented remonstrances to the English and French embassies, begging their co-operation to guard the capital against so horrible a scourge. These diplomats held a conference, and came to a resolution to throw on the government the responsibility of the horrible events which appeared to be in the course of preparation.

Prince Lucien Murat has addressed a letter to the papers on the subject of Naples. Should the people of this kingdom raise "the standard of the unity, the independence, and the liberty of all Italy," he says—

I will not only not throw any obstacle in the way, but I will rather come to their aid, to secure the co-operation of all the men whom past associations attach to my family, for it (the unity, independence, and liberty of all Italy) would be the realisation of my father's ideas, to which I shall ever remain faithful.

TRIPOLI.

HOSTILITIES BETWEEN TURKS AND ARABS.

ADVICES from Tripoli of the 24th ult. state that, on the 22nd, the Pacla sent out about 6,000 men to attack the Arabs, who were at some distance from Tripoli. The combat lasted for several hours, without any decisive result. The Turks are entrenched in the same position, and the Arabs from time to time made a few skirmishes. In the battle of the 22nd, the Arabs captured two guns, but were subsequently retaken by the Turks. Ghouma was not present at this affair—there was only a tribe of the neighbourhood on the ground.

SOUTH AMERICA.

REVOLUTION IN MONTE VIDEO.

THE South American Mails bring us advices from Buenos Ayres up to September 1. They inform us of a disturbance in Monte Video, which threatens to end in a civil war. The following statement is from the supplement to the "British Packet":—

On the 28th ult., Flores was driven from his post, and the following day hoisted the banner of another legal presidency, ominous words for the Orientals in the suburbs of the capital. He is said to be at the head of 500 or 600 cavalry; a force against which the town of Monte Video can easily defend itself, but a force more than sufficient to form the nucleus of a Montevideo war in the country districts. The Brazilians are snugly shut up in the barracks, and are apparently indifferent to what is taking place. They have placed themselves in a false position, and it may require many sacrifices and much blood to retrieve the fatal error. It appears that the President of the Senate declined the Provisional Presidency, in consequence of which Don Louis Lamas was proclaimed by popular vote, widening the many breaches that have already been made in the unfortunate constitution, which all parties invoke and trample upon as may suit their convenience. It is said that some of the departments have declared for Flores, and others for Oribe.

The War in the Crimea.

FUTURE MOVEMENTS KEPT SECRET—DOCKS OF SEBASTOPOL IN RUIN.

Sept. 23.—If there is any intention on the part of the Commanders-in-Chief to make use of the short autumnal, or second summer, or whatever else the few weeks of fine weather which precede the Crimean winter may be called, it is so close a secret that its execution will cause lively dissatisfaction and great discomfort, especially among the "hutters" and "the great hutting interest." Men have made up their minds not only to rest, but to peace, and a real *bon mot* of the Duke of Newcastle, to the effect, that there will be peace before Christmas, is in every one's mouth. There are rumours in camp further, that there is a short and simple letter from head-quarters in Downing Street, *via* electric telegraph, to spare the docks of Sebastopol, and to leave the public buildings untouched. The cannon-ball and shell have flown faster than the lightning, and these stately objects of solicitude are all in ruins.

MOVEMENTS OF THE FLEET.—TURKS AT EUPATORIA.

The fleet which sailed round towards Balaklava on Friday, the 21st, turned back and passed by Sebastopol, and thence proceeded to Eupatoria on Saturday, returned to Kamiesch this day. At Eupatoria they found no less than 31,000 Turkish infantry in a fine state of discipline, and in perfect readiness, so far as the *physique* and *personnel* of the troops are concerned, for any military service. These soldiers were all reviewed and inspected on the occasion, and officers of rank, English and French, were alike gratified by the disciplined alertness and efficiency of these neglected and almost useless infantry. It is difficult to imagine that these Turks could not aid us materially in driving the enemy from Sebastopol if they were strengthened by an English division and two French divisions, which could well be spared from this army at present, aided by all our cavalry, which are now in very excellent condition, and are, nevertheless, of no earthly service at Kadikoi or Baidar. Between French, English, and Sardinians, we could send a force of at least 5,500 sabres to the north side of the Alma, which certainly would have nothing to fear from any Russian cavalry in the Crimea. Colonel M'Murdo has got more than 10,000 horses and mules for the service of the Land Transport Corps, and it would be very strange indeed if he could not spare enough of them to supply and carry food for an expeditionary column during a week or ten days, and even if he was not able to aid the French *intendance* in the field, should they require our assistance. The Allied fleet could embark and land the whole force in 48 hours, or, at all events, in 60 hours, at any points between Balaklava, or Kamiesch and Eupatoria.

BACCHANALIAN SCENES IN THE TENTS.

Sept. 24.—The loud sounds of the siege are renewed. There is a gun every minute from the north side or from the south, and fair promise that the duel will last for months to come at the present rate of exchange. Judging from other sounds in the camp, it does not seem as if the discipline of the army is improved by the cessation of trench duties or by the addition of 6d. a-day to the soldiers' pay. Indeed, the drunkenness of Scutari, Bulgaria, of Varna, or of Gallipoli, will be emulated if the men have so much time and money to dispose of. The evil will cure itself, and the colonels have the power of stopping the 6d. for seven days after the commission of an act of drunkenness, in addition to the usual military punishments for such offences. There are no such scenes of rioting and confusion at the French canteens as may be seen at our own, and no one will say that the discipline of the French is as strict as that of the English army.

A MEDLEY OF SOUNDS, GRAVE AND GAY.

The heavy beat of the guns has died away, the bugles have sounded, and the whole camp is still. The French bands are playing in their remote encampments, and there is a strange jargon of English and French music, and through it all the sad strains of Handel's *Saul* are floating, as the soldiers bear some deceased officer to his long home; then sounds of carousing and drinking choruses, the guns wake up once more, and now their heavy roar crushes all other sound; then silence again, and so we pass the night until sleep has closed every eye except those of the watchful sentries on our frontier of defence.

THE BRIDGE ACROSS THE SOUTH HARBOUR.

The French are restoring the bridge across the south harbour, to connect the west side with the Karabelnaia suburb. They are placing it in its original position—that which it occupied before the more powerful and advanced fire of the siege guns compelled the enemy to shift it to a greater distance. It is nearly completed. The communication is at present round

the head of the harbour, and includes a considerable circuit, which will be avoided by the direct passage.

PREPARATIONS FOR THE WINTER CAMPAIGN.

The construction of the military roads by the English troops is being carried on with great energy. The guard of the trenches in each attack is reduced to a captain's command, and the greater number of the troops thus set free, are employed either in making roads, clearing the batteries, or making the necessary preparations for the coming winter.

THE SPOILS OF WAR.

Sept. 25.—The number of guns of all kinds captured (as elicited by the Anglo-French commission which sits daily), exceeds 4,000; immense quantities of small arms have been carried off by the soldiers and sold, but there are still piles of them remaining. As the Russians lost 18,000 men between the morning of the 5th and the evening of the 8th of September, it is likely that we captured at least 18,000 stand of arms, not to mention the muskets in store, &c., which belonged to the men rendered *hors de combat* during the preceding part of the siege. The Anglo-French commission acts on the principle of dividing the spoils in proportion to the number of men actually borne on the strength of the respective armies in the camps before Sebastopol. Their labours were interrupted the other day by a Russian shell, which scarcely gave them time to adjudicate on the proprietorship of its splinters, as it burst as soon as it fell through the roof of the building in which they were sitting. If the Russians are spiteful, they will open fire some fine day on the town, and make it too hot to hold us; indeed, the Buffs are to be withdrawn for the present, and the strength of the French in the town has been diminished, as a useless display of force only drew the fire of the enemy's batteries.

THE POSITION OF THE RUSSIAN FORCES.

The Russian forces occupy a line, fortified by art and nature, forming a semicircle round the position of the Allies, and extending from the Telegraph and Fort Constantine, situate at the extremity of a small promontory, to the impregnable chain of mountains of Tchatar Dagh. The main force of the Russians, consisting of three divisions, is posted behind that line, on the plateau of Belbek, and facing the south. The right wing is composed of a considerable corps, occupying (on the north side of Sebastopol) the citadel of Severnaya, and the Forts Catherine, Constantine, and Telegraph. The left wing holds the fortified defiles of Aitor and the chain of the Tcharkes-Kerman, as far as the source of the Belbek and the mountains of Yalta. The army of reserve is stationed at Bakschiserai and Simpheropol. Other troops maintain the communications between the principal army and three other corps—namely, the one before Kerch, with its right wing at Kaffa and its left at Arabat; another in observation before Eupatoria; and the third, consisting of at least 40,000 men, which protects Perekop. The Russian troops in the Crimea still possess two roads, by which they can communicate with Russia—the one passing by the Isthmus of Perekop, and the other by the bridge of Tchongar across the Putrid Sea.

THE HEALTH OF THE ARMY.

General Simpson, in a despatch to Lord Panmure, dated Sebastopol, Sept. 25, says:—

"Your Lordship will learn with satisfaction that the health of the army is all that can be desired, and the marked improvement since the arduous night duties have ceased, is very apparent.

"The enemy have commenced firing into the town, and the troops stationed there for the purpose of performing fatigue duties have been, in consequence, withdrawn. Large quantities of timber and building material are daily taken from the houses by our troops."

THE INTERIOR OF SEBASTOPOL.

(Described by our Artist.)

GENERAL VIEW OF SEBASTOPOL.

Camp of the Light Division, before Sebastopol, Sept. 21, 1855. THE batch of sketches sent herewith include some of the chief points of interest in the town of Sebastopol. One is a general view of the city from the heights on the western side. It embraces the harbour, with the Russian position on the north side, showing in one gap in the hills a mass of tents, which extend, the Russians themselves only know to what distance. Fort Nicholas projects out into the harbour, to the right of which, on the hill, is the monument erected, according to everybody's statement, to the Empress Catherine; but I cannot see how this can be, if the date it bears upon its face is to be believed. It is a piece of sculpture, of great size, and as it is undoubtedly one of the lions of the place, I have sent a sketch of it.

On the hill to the extreme right stands the Governor's house. There is no getting near to this, as some French don has taken up his quarters there, and all the approaches are guarded by sentries, who turn you back. The long, low, dark buildings on the near side of the harbour have evidently been the market, as the stalls still exhibit remnants of wares on them. I do not know what the ruined building, with a row of arches, to the left of the sketch, is, but possibly it is only one of the numerous store-houses with which the town abounds. The building in the foreground was originally some peaceful habitation or other, but, like other similar buildings, had been converted into a receptacle for military stores.

THE STREET OF THE BELL.

I also send a sketch of one of the principal streets—the "Street of the Bell," as we English call it, on account of the enormous bell beneath the wooden shed adjoining the little church, which will be recognised in my sketch by the cross above the modest cupola. The name of the noble structure which occupies the central portion of the picture, and forms one of the most conspicuous objects in the town, is unknown to us. On the summit, you will discern the scaffolding which had been erected by the Russians for their "look-out-man." The French have made a guardhouse of it, and the pickets were stationed outside at the time I was sketching it. The low building to the left, with a small dome, is stated to be a sort of parsonage connected with the church; and further still an archway leads down by a flight of steps to the quay. At the extreme left is a part of Fort Nicholas. Of the edifice which resembles a somewhat elegant lighthouse, I could obtain no particulars whatever, beyond the one fact, that it is not what it most resembles, viz., a lighthouse. On the left of the Observatory, on the other side of the harbour, is the Russian position. Although in the sketch this seems to be connected with the distance on the right of the Observatory, such is not the case, the latter being on the south side and in a line with the promontory immediately above the parsonage I have before spoken of. The distant hill towards the right is the Malakhoff. Still further to the right is the Redan, but not included in this view. It occupies an almost equally commanding position, and it is evident that the Russians were correct in their estimate, that if they lost either of these places, Sebastopol was at the mercy of the Allies.

The chief buildings included in the present sketch seem to have been respected by the Russians, and not to have shared the general conflagration, as the buildings in the foreground appear to have done. The sunken ships seen in the harbour are those burned a few nights before, and on the night after the assault. Amongst them is the far-famed, much-talked-of *Twelve Apostles*.

THE BRONZE GALLERY.

The next view is taken from the hill, on which is erected the "Galley" Monument; the balustrades in the foreground are a portion of those that encompass it. From here you obtain a very good view of Fort Nicholas and Fort Constantine—the latter on the opposite side—together with the Quarantine Battery and Bay on the left. There is much difficulty in getting into the town, and the first day I made the attempt I was turned back, through not having the requisite pass. The horrible little red-legged sentries, with enormous muskets twice as long as themselves, are posted everywhere to annoy one; and they seem to have entire possession of the place. It certainly must have been a fine town when in its prime, as, judging from the remnants of the street-architecture, every house was almost a little Doric temple, with balconies, pillars, and pediments in all directions. There appears to have been very few shops, that is, shops according to our notions, with glazed fronts and shutters. The streets are wide, but unpaved; and, from the town being built on so steep a hill, it is very tiring to walk through them.

SEBASTOPOL HOTELS.

Sebastopol is rapidly assuming a new appearance—canteens are springing up in all directions—houses that have got a roof are taken possession of by adventurous individuals and formed into "hotels." I visited one the other day to see how business was carried on, and sure enough there was the bar, decked out with array of bottles, cases of wine, barrels of Vermouth and Extrait d'Absinthe, with tables and sofas ranged round a room which evidently had never been built for such a purpose. The room was filled with French officers and English soldiers and sailors, who were regaling together, and swearing eternal friendship to one another. This apartment had a great hole in the ceiling, where a shot, on some previous occasion, after entering by the first-floor window above, had made its way through the floor and ceiling, and dashed down into the apartment below, as the corresponding hole in the floor of the room made apparent. The side of the window was also smashed in, and a part of the adjoining wall protruded into an adjacent corridor; but altogether the house was in tolerable repair, for Sebastopol; and the proprietor of the Café Georges had, I should think (judging from the enormous price charged for everything) reason to congratulate himself. There were several other cafés established in the better preserved houses; but the town was so utterly destroyed that it was difficult to find many more for the purpose. When looked at in certain points of view, there seemed not to be a single perfect house standing in the whole city—nothing but roofless walls, smoked and begrimed with dirt in every direction, with broken furniture strewn about. In many of the houses beautiful furniture is found entire: this is at once appropriated and carried off by the French soldiers; the greater portion, however, has been utterly smashed, and lay in heaps about the streets.

STREET CANTEENS.

The sketch of the street canteen is one which struck me as being characteristic of the present state of things in this Queen City of the Euxine. The canteen was planted in one of the ruined houses, and the mistress of it was a smart Vivandière. There are many similar establishments, which supply refreshments to the French and English soldiers and civilians, and I, for my part, did not despise the edibles vended there. I made the sketch a day or two before the hotels were started, and I noticed many officers dismounting from their horses, to come and refresh themselves with a primitive banquet. To prevent mistakes, that is your artist's own "bono" tied up at the gateway.

Yesterday, I went down, and had hardly finished my sketch, when it came on to rain desperately hard. This soon cleared the streets, which then certainly presented a most miserable picture of desolation. I sought shelter in the café mentioned above, and waited for some time; but it did not abate, so I was obliged to mount and gallop home as fast as I could—a distance of three or four miles. You may imagine I was tolerably soaked, and quite ready for a warm dry place of refuge; but there was no such thing in prospect for me, for on getting back to the camp, I found my tent black with wet, and on entering inside, everything appeared to be soaked with water—my bed included. The rain had beat through the canvas, and I was literally afloat. Some of the officers procure an extra tent, which they place over the other, and this to a great extent prevents the rain from entering. Nothing, however, can keep it entirely out in stormy weather.

YOUTHFUL BRAVERY DURING THE ATTACK ON THE REDAN.

LIEUTENANT MASSEY, who only joined the head-quarters of the regiment lately, a chubby-faced youth of sixteen years of age, led the Grenadiers of the 19th Regiment into action at the assault upon the Redan on the 8th ult. They came up to the support of the attacking columns. Nothing could exceed the bravery of this young fellow. He went on in front of his men, got across the ditch, and climbed to the parapet on the opposite side. Here his progress was impeded by the men of different regiments, who were crowded together, vainly endeavouring to effect an entrance into the work. The men fell thickly around him, but he escaped. He was one of the very last who retired. On his return, as he was mounting the counterscarp, and just at the edge of the natural glacis of the hill, some soldier caught hold of his leg to assist himself in mounting up. At that moment a rifle ball struck young Massey in the left thigh. The bone was broken near the hip-joint, and he was unable to extricate himself from his dangerous position. He crawled on a few yards, and there remained. Now came a fearful trial. The Russians were showing themselves thickly on the parapets of the Redan, firing at our men, who were retiring, and, in turn, our troops were firing up at the Redan from the first parallel of the works of the right attack. The shot flew like hail around him. Then came the round shot and shell directed against the enemy in the Redan, but many of which struck short and cut up the ground where the wounded were lying between the abattis and the ditch. Every shot which struck the parapet of the Redan sent back a shower of dust and stones over the nearest wounded. Some of our men, lying thus dreadfully exposed, even asked the Russians to take them into the work, by appealing to them, "Johnny, Johnny." In several instances the Russians slipped out, in spite of the fire, and carried some of the wounded in, and placed them under shelter. Young Massey, however, kept himself quiet, and continued near to the spot where he had fallen. He felt as if his life must be lost, and yet at the same time hope was kept up by an opposite feeling that he might be spared to escape. At last, when the fire had in a great degree subsided, and the afternoon was advancing, a Russian soldier, in his characteristic long gray coat, came to him. He opened his coat to find if he had any valuables there, then sought for a watch or other things, but handled him so gently that Massey felt no fear respecting the man taking his life. At last he left him, taking his sword and haversack. This was the only Russian who came to him; others were around collecting the Minié rifles and anything else they thought worth taking away. Massey saw no barbarity or ill-treatment now; previously, while the fighting was going on, many of the wounded were bayoneted by the enemy. Some time elapsed, the firing had ceased all around, evening was advancing, when suddenly, without any warning, the ground shook, and there was a terrific noise from an explosion. It was one of the magazines in the Redan which the Russians had fired. Down came a shower of dust and gravel, and, as ill-fortune would have it, there fell also a large stone, and struck poor Massey on the right thigh, the one which was not previously wounded. It inflicted a very severe bruise. Soon afterwards he perceived in the dusk some twelve or fifteen men coming cautiously up towards the Redan. They were not very far distant when he first perceived them, but what amazed him was, that they were not fired at. He could not divine why this was, or what the Russians were about, and at last suspected that the men must be Russians themselves, who were not observed from our trenches. They went into the Redan, and he lost sight of them, but after a short time they came back again, and he discovered them to belong to one of our Highland regiments. The French had communicated the fact that the Russians had deserted the Redan, and this party had gone to reconnoitre. Fortunately they did not remain longer, for shortly after their return, another magazine of the Redan was blown up. Had they been within the work, the probability is that the greater part of them would have been destroyed. Massey, as he lay at the edge of the ditch, was again covered by the dirt and loose fragments which were thrown up into the air, but this time received no hurt. Subsequently he attracted the attention of one of the Highlanders, and, after a short time, was carried in a loose great coat to the trenches. There his wound was examined by an assistant-surgeon, and he was sent up on a stretcher to camp. He is going on favourably, but his wound is of a very dangerous character.

RUSSIAN VERSION OF THE CAPTURE OF SEBASTOPOL.

THE first Russian version of the fall of Sebastopol is contained in the following general order addressed by Prince Gortschakoff to his troops, and published in the "Invalide Russe":—

Head-quarters, Heights of Inkermann, Sept. 12. Valiant Comrades,—On the 12th of September last year a strong hostile army appeared before the walls of Sebastopol. Notwithstanding its numerical superiority, despite the absence of obstacles which military art might have opposed to

it in the town, that army did not dare attack it by main force, but undertook a regular siege.

Since that time, notwithstanding the formidable means at the disposal of our enemies, who, by their numerous ships, constantly received reinforcements, artillery, and ammunition for eleven months and a half, all their efforts failed before your bravery and firmness. It is a fact unexampled in military annals, that a town hastily fortified, in the presence of the enemy, should have been able to hold out so long against a force, the means of attack of which have exceeded everything that hitherto could have been foreseen in calculations of this nature.

And with means so enormous, and of such a description, after the ruinous effects of an artillery of colossal dimensions, continued for nine months, the enemy having frequently had recourse to prolonged bombardments of the town, firing on each occasion many hundred thousand rounds, they became convinced of the inadequacy of their efforts, and resolved to take Sebastopol by a combat.

On the 18th of June they made the assault on different sides, and courageously entered the town, but you received them with intrepidity, and they were driven back on all points in the most brilliant manner.

This check forced them to return to a continuation of their first plan of siege, multiplying their batteries, and increasing the activity of their trench works and mining operations.

Since the memorable day upon which you repulsed the assault, two months and a half have elapsed, during which, animated by sentiments of duty and of love to the throne and to your country, you have heroically disputed each inch of ground, forcing the assailants to advance only foot by foot, and purchase with torrents of blood, and an incredible loss of ammunition, each yard of ground gained.

In this obstinate defence your courage did not flag; on the contrary, it rose to the highest degree of self-denial.

But if your intrepidity and your patience were without bounds, there are such in the nature of the possibility of defence. As the approaches of the enemy gradually advanced, their batteries were erected nearer the walls. The circle of fire which surrounded Sebastopol daily grew narrower, and sent death and destruction still further into the town upon the courageous defenders.

Taking advantage of the superiority of their fire at short range, the enemy, after the concentrated action of their artillery during thirty days—which cost our garrison from 500 to 1000 men per day—commenced that terrible bombardment (bombardement d'ener) from an infinite number of engines of war, and of a calibre hitherto unknown, which destroyed our defences, repaired by us at night with so great labour and at great loss, under the incessant fire of the enemy. The principal work, the Korniloff redoubt, on the Malakhoff Hill (the key of Sebastopol, as a point dominating the whole town), had experienced considerable and irreparable damage.

To continue, under these circumstances, the defence of the south side, would have been to expose our troops daily to a useless butchery, and their preservation is to-day, more than ever, necessary to the Emperor and to Russia.

For these reasons, with grief in my heart, but with a full conviction, I resolved to evacuate Sebastopol, and take over the troops to the north side by the bridge constructed beforehand over the bay and by boats.

Meanwhile the enemy, beholding on the 8th of September, at 10.30, the half-rained works before them, and the Korniloff Redoubt, with its ditches filled up, resolved upon a desperate assault, first on Bastions No. 2, Korniloff, and No. 3, and after about three hours upon Bastion No. 5, and the Belkin and Schwartz redoubts.

Of these six attacks five were gloriously repulsed. Some of the points of attack, like that on Bastion No. 2, on which the enemy had succeeded in bringing guns by flying bridges, having at various times been taken and retaken, remained finally ours. But the Korniloff Redoubt, more damaged than the others by the bombardment, was taken by the French, who brought more than 30,000 men against it, and could not be retaken after the great losses we had suffered at the commencement of this combat, for it would have been necessary to ascend in the midst of the ruins a very steep incline, and then cross a narrow ridge above a deep ditch the reverse occupied by the French. Such an undertaking might have prevented us a achieving the proposed object, and would have cost us, without the slightest doubt, incalculable losses.

The attempt was the more needless, as, for reasons already mentioned, I had resolved to evacuate the place. Therefore, as the success of the enemy was confined to the sole capture of the Korniloff Redoubt, I ordered that no attack should be made on that redoubt, and that troops should remain in front of it to oppose any continuation of the enemy's attack on the town itself, an order which was executed despite of all the efforts of the French to get beyond the gorge of the redoubt.

At dusk the troops were ordered to retire, according to the arrangements previously made.

The examples of bravery you gave during that day, valiant comrades, aroused such a feeling of esteem in the enemy, that, despite the knowledge they must have had of our retreat by the explosion of our mines, which our troops fired one after the other as they gradually retreated, they not only did not pursue us in columns, but even ceased firing with their artillery, which they might have continued with impunity.

Valiant Comrades,—It is painful, it is hard, to leave Sebastopol in the enemy's hands. But remember the sacrifice we made upon the altar of our country in 1812. Moscow was surely as valuable as Sebastopol—we abandoned it after the immortal Battle of Borodino. The defence of Sebastopol during 349 days is superior to Borodino; and when the enemy entered Moscow in that great year of 1812 they only found heaps of stones and ashes. Likewise it is not Sebastopol which we have left to them, but the burning ruins of the town which we ourselves set fire to, having maintained the honour of the defence in such a manner that our great grandchildren may recall the remembrance thereof with pride to all posterity.

Sebastopol kept us chained to its walls; with its fall we acquire freedom of movement, and a new war commences, a war in the open field, that most congenial to the Russian soldier. Let us prove to the Emperor—let us prove to Russia, that we are still imbued with the spirit which animated our ancestors in our memorable and patriotic struggle. Wherever the enemy may show himself we will present our breasts to him, and defend our native land as we defended it in 1812.

Valiant Warriors of the Land and Sea Forces,—In the name of the Emperor I thank you, for the unexampled courage, firmness, and constancy you have displayed during the Siege of Sebastopol.

I think it my duty to express particularly my gratitude to your courageous chiefs, to General Osten-Sacken, who commanded the garrison for nine months; to Lieutenant-Generals Chitcheff, Chrouliff, Pacloff, and Semakine; to Vice-Admirals Novosilsky and Pamphloff; to Major-Generals Martineau, Pichelstein, Lyssensko; to Aide-de-Camp Generals Orroussoff, Schultze, Khronstieff, Gdavan, Sabochinsky, Schaideman; to Prince Wassilichoff and Tottleben; Colonel Kostanichoff, Hennerich, and Gardiner; Captains Korine, Mikrioukoff, Perelichine, and to all the officers who took part in the siege.

In thus expressing the gratitude your worthy commanders are entitled to who are still living, let us also honour, comrades, those who have fallen honourably for our faith and for our country on the ramparts of Sebastopol.

Let us remember the immortal names of Nachimoff, Korniloff, and Istomine, and let us address prayers to the Most High, that He will grant them peace, and eternalise their memory as an example to future generations of the Russians.

Besides the foregoing general order, the "Invalide Russe" publishes Prince Gortschakoff's diary of the siege and of the events of the four succeeding days. The 8th of September, the day of assault, is omitted, being reserved, the reader is told, for a special account. Beginning with the day when the final bombardment was opened, the diary is as follows:—

Sept. 6.—At daybreak the enemy recommenced his fire by the most violent salvos against the works forming the Sebastopol line of defence, and against the shore batteries. Towards evening his right fire ceased, but the bombardment continued to be heavy; moreover, during the night the besiegers fired grape at our workmen, in order to prevent their repairing damages. He sent bombs, balls, and incendiary rockets into the city, the roadstead, and against the north side.

The injury sustained by our works was very considerable; the incessant fire of the enemy prevented our repairing it.

Sept. 7.—The cannonade and bombardment recommenced with the same fury as on the previous days. The firing, uninterrupted along the entire line, was maintained by salvos, and at intervals with redoubled intensity, sometimes against the right flank, sometimes against the left flank of our line of defence. Besides the usual projectiles, during the morning of the 26th, the enemy shot incendiary barrels against the Malakhoff mound.

[Here a note states that the account of the operations on the 8th Sept. will be transmitted separately by A.D.C. General Prince Gortschakoff.]

On Sept. 9, after the evacuation, the assailant continued to fire against the bay and the batteries on the north side. His fleet was under steam. A few of his ships approached the shore and the bay of Kamiesch. Five gunboats entered a bay. On our left wing a part of the enemy's cavalry, in the Valley of Baidar, fell back on the village of Varnoutka, evacuating the southern entrance of the valley.

On Sept. 11, at 10 a.m., the enemy's cavalry, to the number of ten squadrons, proceeded to the village of Schoulou, where some of the horsemen alighted, and having occupied the orchards, exchanged musket-shots with our outposts. Towards evening the adversary recrossed the Tchernaya. Our outposts resumed their positions.

On the same day the enemy opened, from his batteries raised above the roadstead, a heavy fire against our steamers. In order to render it impossible for him to blow them up, by order of the Commander-in-Chief, the guns of the steamers Vladimir, Crimea, Chersonesus, Besarabia, Gronomossent, Elborcus, Danube, Turk, and Grozny, were taken out, and these vessels sunk.

On Sept. 13 the enemy fired but little. They attempted to open fire with mortars placed at the landing place called Grafskala Priustae. On the same day the advanced posts of our left wing observed that two camps had been established in the Valley of Baidar, near the Cossack village on the road from Ouzenbaschill to Ourkouska—two camps in which were six squadrons of cavalry and five battalions of infantry, with artillery.

GENERAL LA MARMORA AND THE NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENTS AT THE SEAT OF WAR.

The following order of the day has been issued by General La Marmora, and published in the Sardinian journals:—

Kadikoi, Sept. 16.

The correspondence of the military and civilians who form part of the expedition with the journals, is attended with serious inconvenience; these letters narrate the operations and describe the positions, forces, and preparations in every kind of way; they are prejudicial by their revealing to the enemy what it concerns us that he should not know; if they discuss what has happened or what has been done, they trench upon criticism, which is adverse to discipline, and such an abuse cannot be tolerated in a well-organised army; if they speak of the armies of the Powers with whom we are allied, they give rise to complaints, and they disturb that harmony without which it is impossible for the alliance to bear fruit.

If, in order to remedy the inconvenience detailed above, they endeavour to write on matters altogether ambiguous, and do so through want of ideas and positive information, the letters for the most part are reduced to a state of incompleteness and inaccuracy that reflects but little credit on the military and civilians belonging to the army from whom such letters proceed.

For these reasons, I feel it my duty to warn all the military and civilians attached to the expeditionary corps, and to the naval division, that I will severely punish such as I shall know to be the authors of any letters that shall have occasioned the inconvenience above specified.

UKASES OF THE EMPEROR ALEXANDER.

St. Petersburg, Sept. 28.

The Emperor Alexander has issued the following ukase:—

"Every month of actual presence in the garrison of Sebastopol, on the north side, and in the forts, shall be considered equivalent to a year's service, and ensure the following privileges:—1st, Generals, Staff and Superior Officers, and likewise Officials in the Civil Service, to wear their uniforms on retiring into private life; 2nd, to wear then the Order of St. Vladimir, 4th class, and the scarf for the service of 25 years (if one of them who had served 14 years when the siege commenced receives at once this order de jure); 3rd, full pensions to themselves and families as upon superannuation; Officers, military or civil, to receive additional rank (every grade in Russia has to be filled for a normal period of three to four years, to be shortened by special distinctions only; non-commissioned officers and privates will accordingly not enjoy this final promotion); 4th, Surgeons to receive pensions and increase of pay (with certain modifications); 5th, Police officials to have higher salaries; 6th, persons holding inferior employments will not have their punishments and penalties for minor offences recorded against them when discharged; 8th, indefinite furlough (but not till the war is over)."

There are three more regulations for private soldiers, respecting their pay and medals. Every day spent in the north side of Sebastopol beyond a calendar month is to be deemed equivalent to twelve days. Then certain regulations follow, respecting the Order of St. Vladimir.

The Emperor orders, in another ukase, the re-organisation of the head military school, and the formation of three special military academies.

Another order of the Emperor prohibits the exportation of coarse cloths, whether gray or of any other colour, by the land frontiers of Poland and Russia in Europe.

DESPATCH FROM PRINCE GORTSCHAKOFF.

A DESPATCH from Prince Gortschakoff, dated Oct. 6th, received at St. Petersburg, says:—

"The enemy's fleet is in motion in different directions. His gun-boats are considerably increased in number.

"The camp between the Tchernaya and Balaclava has been partially broken up.

"Some of the enemy's forces have descended the valley of the Belbek again to-day."

Another despatch, dated the evening of the 7th, was received at St. Petersburg, on Monday last, from Prince Gortschakoff. It says:—

"This morning, nine of the enemy's liners, with twenty-eight steamers and other ships, left Kamiesch, steering north-west."

CAVALRY ACTION NEAR EUPATORIA.

DEFEAT OF THE RUSSIANS.

The following from Marshal Pelissier was posted at the Bourse on Friday week:—

"A cavalry action took place on the 29th at Koughill, five leagues from Eupatoria. The Russians, under General Korf, were defeated by the French, under General d'Allonville. The Russians lost 50 killed, 105 prisoners, 6 guns, 12 caissons, and 250 horses. The French lost 6 men killed, 27 wounded."

THE FLEET OFF ODESSA.

Hamburg, Tuesday Afternoon.

TELEGRAPHIC accounts just received here from St. Petersburg, represent that the Allied fleets anchored off Odessa yesterday, the 8th inst.

At the time, however, that this important intelligence was despatched from Odessa to St. Petersburg, the bombardment had not commenced.

PUBLIC FEELING IN ST. PETERSBURG.—The St. Petersburg correspondent of the "Presse," writing on the 29th ult., says:—"Since the whole of the Court quitted our capital, and the principal ministers accompanied the Emperor to Moscow, there has been received here no news respecting events in the Crimea. Complete uncertainty and melancholy sadness prevail; and it is at St. Petersburg especially that the boyards most manifest their discontent. Reviews and parades cherish their warlike ardour. These have ceased, and the absence of the high functionaries, civil and military, who have followed the Emperor, leaves the nobles at leisure to consider the difficulty in which Russia has been placed by the war in the East. Hence their discouragement, which manifests itself openly in their words. Moreover, adding to their discontent, certain pamphlets pass more easily from hand to hand, and cherish these melancholy feelings. The discontent, it is impossible to deny, has reached the lowest classes of the population, and the peasants are now seeking to escape the conscription. This is not all. A practice which has been rare in the Russian army is extending itself on a large scale. I mean the desertion of soldiers, which has become so marked that the government has considered it necessary to adopt measures and apply penalties which are quite unusual against those who desert their colours."

RUSSIAN TALLOW.—St. Petersburg advices to the 20th report that the total quantity of Russian tallow available for exportation this season appears to be about 50,000 casks. The average exportation of tallow from Cronstadt for the 30 years ending with 1853 was 127,310 casks per annum, and for the five years preceding the declaration of war it was 110,000 casks. These figures afford a striking proof of the injury which the war is inflicting upon the productive industry of Russia.

PARCELS FOR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS IN THE EAST.—The Government authorities are organising a plan for the safe transmission, gratuitously, of parcels to the army and navy in the East. Last year the privilege of sending such parcels in the war transports was scarcely recognised, and private individuals undertook the business; but, owing to the want of care, hundreds, containing necessities and comforts in food and clothing, sent to officers and soldiers by their friends in England, were lost, and perishable articles were spoiled by delay. In order to prevent such accidents, Government will undertake to secure transmission of parcels to the Crimea and Black Sea through the Admiralty authorities at the ports from which the war transports are despatched. The packages will be registered, and entered on the manifests of the transports, which will ensure their safe delivery.

MAJOR-GENERAL MARKHAM'S HEALTH.—Major-General Markham has been suffering so much from rheumatism and general ill-health, that it is feared he will be compelled to leave the army in the field for a time. When first ordered to join the force in the East under Lord Raglan, General Markham was in the north-western provinces of India. To comply with the order he travelled by rapid journeys, and on his way met with a serious injury in consequence of the upsetting of his conveyance, and receiving a severe kick from a horse in the chest, which fractured some ribs. The General was too earnestly bent on the object of his journey to adopt the necessary means of cure for this hurt, and in consequence of absence of proper attention on this occasion his health appears to have suffered. He has been ailing ever since he reached the Crimea, but it is fully expected that after a few weeks' rest and care he will have regained health and strength sufficient to enable him to resume duty.

THE WAR IN ASIA.

ALLEGED DEFEAT OF THE TURKS.

The following is a communication from Trebizond, bearing date September 19:—

"The news of the taking of Sebastopol has produced at Trebizond, as it will produce throughout the world, the liveliest enthusiasm. The Pacha caused five salvoes, of twenty-one cannon shots each, to be fired off. The Greeks could not conceal the profound chagrin they felt at the brilliant feat of arms on the part of the Allies, the consequences of which they easily foresee.

"The last courier from Erzeroum has brought news from Kars, of the 8th instant. The inhabitants were then ignorant of Omer Pacha's arrival in the district. This circumstance cannot fail to give new vigour to the defence of Kars.

"A fact, in itself regrettable, appears to indicate that the place is far from being destitute of provisions. It is asserted that Vassif Pacha, in concert with General Williams, sent away from Kars from 1,000 to 1,200 horses, with 500 men as an escort, in order to economise the forage. At some distance from the city, the convoy is said to have been attacked by about 3,000 Russians, who made 200 prisoners, and captured 300 horses. The other horses, after dispersing over the plain, are said to have in part reached Erzeroum. It is clear that if provisions had fallen short at Kars, the generals who command the place, instead of sending these thousand or twelve hundred horses to Erzeroum, would have retained them, for the purpose of securing a supplement of food until the arrival of the announced reinforcements, or the setting in of the snow should compel the Russians to return to their winter quarters."

The "Invalide Russe," of Sept. 30, publishes a report from General Mouravieff, in which the latter says that on Sept. 11th, he gained a battle against 3,000 Turks, and made prisoner the gallant Aly Pacha. He pretends to have taken four guns and three colours. The despatch says that 400 Turks were killed.

THE BALTIC.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF THE FORTS AT DUNAMUNDE.

A RUSSIAN letter from Riga, of Sept. 28, alludes as follows to the recent bombardment:—

"An six o'clock, on the morning of the 27th, the inhabitants of Riga were startled by a heavy cannonade. Four ships of the line, two corvettes, and one brig, had arrived in the night before our port, and for the space of an hour they bombarded the batteries at the mouth of the Düna. Afterwards, these vessels sailed westward, and took up a position opposite the Bullen Column. There the bombardment recommenced, and lasted for an hour and a half. The batteries at the mouth of the Düna did not suffer much, but those of the Bullen, as the 'Riga Zeitung' has announced, were much injured. Part of the enemy's squadron has been seen at Alt Salis, eleven miles from Riga. On the 25th, three frigates anchored at the mouth of the Salis river. A boat with seven men and an officer took soundings, and, approaching nearer, the crew (English) found means to set fire to about ten barges, which were lying half a verst from the river's mouth."

The subjoined is a detailed account from an English source:—

Riga, Sept. 29.—Yesterday morning, the inhabitants of this city were suddenly awakened by a severe and heavy cannonade. It appears that during the night eight British men-of-war—four line-of-battle ships, a frigate, and three corvettes—had approached our coast unperceived, and at daybreak opened their fire upon our batteries at Dunamünde, the mouth of the Düna. The bombardment was kept up for nearly three hours, without, however, inflicting much damage on the batteries, except dismounting a few guns, after which the hostile squadron stood off to the westward, and took up a position opposite the colony of Bullen, situated at the mouth of one of the channels of the Düna. Here they opened a heavy fire on the batteries, which was but feebly answered by the Russian artillerymen. This second bombardment lasted for two hours, and the damage done was considerably more important than at Dunamünde. About noon the ships drew off altogether, and disappeared in a north-easterly direction.

DESTRUCTION OF MERCHANT SHIPPING AT OLD SALIS.

On September 25, a couple of large steam-frigates, under the British flag, arrived off the mouth of the river Salis, about 50 miles higher up the coast, and cast anchor within gun-shot of the town of Old Salis. A boat was immediately lowered, manned by an officer and seven sailors, proceeded to sound and reconnoitre the mouth of the river and the channel. On having accomplished this, they gave a signal to the ships, when four more boats, containing four officers and 54 men, pushed off and joined the first boat. These five boats then pulled in towards the shore, the foremost of them displaying a white flag in her bows, which was answered by a similar one hoisted on the flagstaff on the shore, in the hope of thereby saving the ten timber vessels lying at anchor about a verst up the river, without their masts and rigging. Whilst the last-arrived four boats lay on their oars, the first one approached the landing-place, and the English officer in command inquired of Herr Von Behagel, the principal proprietor and inhabitant of Old Salis, whether the vessels lying in the river belonged to the government or were private property? This gentleman replied that they belonged to him and his people, upon which the lieutenant expressed his regret, but his positive orders were to destroy them and all others they might find along the coast. Representations and entreaties were of no avail; the sailors set fire to all the vessels, after which they returned to the frigates. As soon as the latter were out of sight, attempts were made by the inhabitants of Old Salis to extinguish the flames and save some of the burning vessels, but without much success, as only two were partially saved, whilst the remaining eight were burned to the water's edge and totally destroyed.

THE RUSSIAN LOSSES ON THE 8TH.—The "Invalide Russe" gives the following list of losses sustained by the Russian army on Sept. 8:—Killed.—Superior officers, 4; inferior, 55; soldiers, 2,625. Wounded.—Superior officers, 26; inferior, 206; soldiers, 5,826. Contusioned.—Superior officers, 9; inferior, 58; soldiers, 1,138. Missing.—Officers, 24; soldiers, 1,730. The "Invalide" further says the Russians lost 1,500 on August 17, and 1,000 men per day on every day following up to Sept. 5. The "Invalide" mentions among the officers killed, Generals Lyssenko, Bousseau, and Jousseroff.

NAVAL PRIZES.—Returns of vessels seized or captured, whether under the Russian, neutral, allied, or British flags, and against which proceedings have been taken in the High Court of Admiralty of England, from the 29th of March, 1854, to the 8th of August, 1855, were ordered to be published by the House of Commons on the 14th ult., and on Saturday they appeared. The list includes the names of 135 vessels in all. Many were captured under Danish, Norwegian, Swedish, German, Greek, and even Tuscan flags, which were simulated by the captured ships.

THE NUMBER AND POSITION OF THE RUSSIAN ARMY IN THE CRIMEA.—The Russian army, amounting to probably not less than 150,000 men, occupies the forts on the northern side of Sebastopol, and a line to the eastward of some 25 miles in length, extending along the precipitous heights of Mackenzie to Aitodor, and thence north-eastward to Albat, on the Upper Belbek. Along this enormously strong ridge, strengthened by field-works and a numerous artillery, the Russian main army is posted; but in front the Russian commander has thrown forward strong outposts towards the Tchernaya and the Valley of Baidar, to give timely warning of the movements of the enemy. Besides this main army, and a division in the neighbourhood of Kertch of some 14,000 men, there is another division watching the Allies, towards Eupatoria, of probably 20,000 men.

THE DUKE OF NEWCASTLE'S RETURN TO ENGLAND.—Letters from the camp, dated September 25, state that his Grace intended to return home in a few days. It is almost a pity," says the "Times" correspondent, "that he cannot remain till the winter sets in, or, at all events, return as soon as the bad weather sets in, for he has had very little experience of the 'disagreements' of camp life, and he may still believe that the sketches which were sent home to England when our army was perishing in the trenches, or in their miserable muddy tents, were surcharged with gloomy colours."

AN ANOMALY IN OUR MILITARY ADMINISTRATION.—Lord Panmure has stated, in answer to an application on behalf of the relatives of an officer who died of cholera at the seat of war, that the regulations by which he is governed, require that an officer shall have been killed in action, or have died of wounds, to give his relations a claim to a pension.

LORD PALMERSTON ON THE FALL OF SEBASTOPOL AND THE PROSPECTS OF THE WAR.

On Friday, last week, the mayor, town council, and inhabitants of Bury, presented a congratulatory address, on the capture of Sebastopol, to Lord Palmerston, on his return to his seat of Broadlands. In reply to the address, the Noble Lord said:—

The occasion which has assembled us together to exchange mutual congratulations, is one of the most important which has happened in recent times. It is an event of which our Allies, the Sardinians, and the Turkish nation may be proud; and which must inspire joy and exultation in the breast of every generous freeman on the surface of the globe. We have been told that the commander of the Russian army has been doing nothing to the Allies but "blood-stained ruins," and no doubt, so far as depends upon him—as far as time allowed—as far as his means of destruction extended—it was his intention to leave nothing else to the victorious enemy. But although in retiring, he destroyed everything that could be burned within the time allowed for his remaining stay, the Allies, on entering the town, found amidst the blood-stained ruins no less than 4,000 pieces of cannon, an immense quantity of powder, an enormous amount of cannon-balls, and materials of various kinds necessary for the prosecution of war. Well, what does this teach us? Does it not show us the vast importance attached by Russia to that stronghold of Russian power in the Black Sea? Why was that vast accumulation of warlike material made—more than could be required for the most prolonged defence of the place? It was because they felt that Sebastopol was the stronghold of their power in the East, and that from that centre was to radiate the extensive power which would lead to the conquest of Constantinople, and from that centre of the sound judgment of our Government in directing against Sebastopol the great power of our army and navy in the Black Sea. We have been contending with an army which they call a million of men, but which may be set down at 600,000, or even 800,000. Well, almost the whole, or the greater portion, of those Powers which border the European frontier of Russia. Russia had nothing to fear from either Austria or Prussia. She was, therefore, at liberty to send troops to the Crimea and defend Sebastopol, and drive our armies, as she vainly hoped she could do, into the sea. She had nothing to prevent her sending division after division, army after army, the garrison of Poland and the garrison at St. Petersburg—in fact, every man whom she could manage to feed at so distant a place. Well, gentlemen, every war is a calamity; but this war has brought its evils a little home to the people of this country as was possible consistently with the nature of things. Our enemy has seen his arsenals in the Baltic blowing to sky. Our enemy has seen that great fleet of twenty-eight or thirty sail of the line, on which the revenues of the country were squandered, and for which crews were conscripted—and to make those crews efficient they were taught, during the icy rigours of winter, to mount fictitious masts erected in their barracks, and to imagine that they were climbing up the rigging of the fleet—they have seen that fleet cooped up ignominiously in its harbour, not daring to face the allied squadrons, which never were superior in numbers to the Russians, but ever superior in other respects on which victory depends. In the Black Sea, they have seen a fleet which, not long ago, proudly swaggered over the waves of the Euxine, and whose most glorious achievement was the barbarous outrage at Sinope; they have seen that fleet, not captured in open battle after a long resistance, but sinking under the hand of its own commander, and leaving nothing but the topmasts sticking out of the water, as marks of the degradation to which they have been subjected. They have seen the great arsenal, and the grand capital of which they were so proud, and of which they were so chary that no prying stranger was allowed to enter its walls, so that the only Englishman that has ever given any account of it was compelled to find his way within its gates disguised as a peasant, and covered up in a cart full of hay—they have seen this arsenal, so studiously concealed from the eyes of jealous strangers, now in the possession of an enemy, after having vainly endeavoured for twelve months to defend it. It would ill become any man in the situation which I have the honour to hold to talk of the future, or to advert to prospective measures; but this, I think, I am well warranted in saying:—Viewing the manly spirit which animates the people of this country, viewing the general support which Parliament has given to Government in every measure connected with the prosecution of the war—viewing the perfect good faith and undeviating constancy of purpose which animates our great Ally, the Emperor of the French—viewing the sympathy which our cause excites among the people of every free country in the world, even in places where mistaken views of interest lead their Governments to a different course—viewing also the justice of our cause, I am confident we may look to such a result of the contest in which we are engaged as may place the future liberties of Europe, as may place the interests—the map and permanent interests—of the countries which are now allied, upon a stable and lasting foundation.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER ON THE WAR.

At the meeting of the Radnorshire Agricultural Society, held at Knighton last week, the Right Hon. Sir G. C. Lewis, Bart., who presided, in proposing the toast of the "Allied Fleets and Armies," said:—

It is now just about a year since the expedition upon which the eyes of all England, of all Europe, were riveted—the expedition to Sebastopol—sailed. That expedition was, perhaps, framed with rather sanguine views of the possibility of success, considering the numbers by which it was undertaken. Nevertheless, it would have been possible for it to have succeeded very shortly after the landing of the Allied armies. Such success was within the range. I will not say of possibility, but of probability. The sanguine hopes of those who contrived and ordered the expedition, were not, however, fulfilled. The war with Russia has been prosecuted with all the vigour which this country, with its great resources, could command—it has been prosecuted with all those more extensive military resources which the great population and the great military organisation of France puts at the disposal of her Government; and the result we all know. We may now ask whether the terms which we, in combination with France, offered to Russia, were not fair and reasonable terms, and whether it would not have been for the interest of that haughty and aggressive Power rather to have accepted those terms than to have waited the event which has now been developed. I have seen with great regret during the last week, the comments which have been made by various critics of our own country on the share which our gallant army has borne in the attack upon Sebastopol. We do not grudge the laurels which France has deservedly earned in the assault of that place. There has been no rivalry, no unseemly competition, between the two armies—it has been co-operation, and not jealousy or rivalry. The most generous, the most noble feelings, have been exhibited by the armies to each other—not only by the men, but by the generals and officers. But while we recognise the glory and honour of France in the achievements which placed the tower of the Malakhoff, the key to the fortress, in the hands of the French attacking party, we must not allow unfair disparagement to be thrown upon our own army. The remarks to which I have alluded have not come from the French critics. On the contrary, I read with satisfaction in a newspaper the remarks of a French military critic in which he said that the English had in the attack on the Great Redan done all that troops could by possibility accomplish. Can anybody doubt that our army has from the beginning shown the greatest gallantry, the greatest hardihood and enterprise, on all occasions, whether offensive or defensive? We must wait for more detailed official accounts, hereafter to be sent by the generals, before we are in a position to pass any judgment of condemnation on our own gallant troops. We must remember that the attack which they made effected a powerful diversion of the enemy, and, to a certain extent, assisted the French in maintaining that portion of the works which they had gained, and that at the close of the day the Redan was in the possession of the Allies. Nothing can more dishonour a gallant army at a distance from our shores than captious and censorious criticisms, when they feel they have shed their best blood in the defence of their country. I trust that the best feelings of the country will be enlisted in their behalf, and that everything we can do in the way of admiration and sympathy will be willingly bestowed upon them.

SIR E. B. LYTTON ON THE ASSAULT ON THE REDAN, AND THE CAPTURE OF THE MALAKHOFF.

At the annual dinner of the Herts Agricultural Society, held on Friday last week, at Buntingford, Sir E. Bulwer Lytton is represented as having said:—

I wish to read you an extract from a letter which may perhaps furnish you with an answer, if you ever hear a sneer against what are called war recruits. This is a letter from a distinguished officer in the Coldstreams, who was an eye-witness of the assault on the Redan, and who wrote the letter to a family in this county (Hertford). He says, "The conduct of our young officers in the assault, the bravery of young Ratcliffe, of the 23rd, was beyond all praise. Three times did this boy attempt to climb the scaling-ladder, twice was he beaten down, and the third time he gained the top, when he was wounded with the thrust of a bayonet, and hurled to the bottom of a ditch. But, strange to say, he is now doing well. Why, that boy was only seventeen. (Loud cheers.) Gentlemen, I wish that you would cheer for that cheer which will not only gladden a father's heart, but will run through the county of Hertford, and it will show of what metal Hertfordshire men are made. (Renewed cheers.) Well, perhaps, Sebastopol has been a rough school, but I think it will turn out some famous scholars; and we may be well proud of that matchless army, which, maintaining discipline amid hardships so incredible, and earning renown against such formidable odds, has transferred its encampment to the very fortress of the enemy, and now holds in Sebastopol a material guarantee for the rights of nations and the demands of justice. It is not here—and I hope it would not be anywhere—that I would dwell on what has been urged, I think somewhat hastily, in some of the newspapers, in mitigation

tion of our joy at the victory for which we have rendered up our thanksgiving to the Divine Arbiter of human destinies. It is true that we did not storm the Malakoff, and therefore had not so direct and immediate a share in the taking of Sebastopol as the French—but what then? Look at that emblem before you. It is inscribed with the initials of Victoria and Napoleon surrounded by the same wreath. What does that mean? Why it means that England and France are a single army, and that the glory of the one is the glory of the other. Do you believe there is any Frenchman who would deny us our full share of the half of the laurel tree which took its roots on the hills of Alma, because the last gale in the storm of battle drifted its leaves towards the ranks of the French? Why, in the next turn of the wind, those leaves might be drifted toward us. Well, gentlemen, I am afraid we must all acknowledge, without distinction of parties, that, in those points in which we had a right to look for success, we have notoriously failed. We have relied chiefly, and not in vain, upon what our ancestors relied upon—the chivalry of their gentlemen and the pluck of their soldiers; but we must all acknowledge that we have a great deal to learn before we can fairly say we have brought the entire force of English intelligence and civilization in 1855 to bear against the enemy we have assumed the right to despise as barbarians. And, therefore, whatever Government is in power—no matter what party is uppermost—I say it is our imperative duty, as Englishmen and as men of sense, to force into all our departments, military and civil, that intelligence which it is our boast to possess, and without which we may indeed beat our enemy, but at the price of the most fearful loss, and at the risk of impairing our position as a wise and enlightened people in the eyes of our Allies, and the judgment of less friendly nations.

THE CAUSE OF THE FAILURE ON THE 8TH.—In order to drive out of a strong covered work an enemy waiting for the attack in great masses, steady order, and complete shelter, it is quite obvious that the assailants must, in the first instance, force an entrance with great suddenness and impetuosity. Afterwards, when a footing has been gained—mowed down as the front ranks must be by the close and deadly fire from within—wave after wave of reinforcements must be poured in to fill up the thinned ranks, and to keep up an unceasing and concentrated pressure upon the defenders. To secure this suddenness and irresistible vigour of attack, it is essential that the approaches of the besiegers should be pushed close up to the opposing works—in point of fact, to the very edge of the ditch. This having been done, the stormers spring from their trenches, and, with strength unwearying by the short distance which they have to cross, force their way, literally in a few seconds, over the debris of the breach; while reserves unceasingly swarming in upon their traces, add weight, as it were, to their impact, and allow the enemy no time to rally. Such is precisely the history of the French assault of the Malakoff. So close were they to the point of attack, that they seem scarcely to have lost a man in the passage from their parallel, and their reserves were poured in in such continuity, and in such overwhelming numbers, that the advantage gained at first was never afterwards lost. Contrast with this the circumstances under which the devoted English stormers were sent on their desperate errand. Small in numbers to begin with, they had to cross a deadly space of 240 yards, exposed to a decimating fire, and then—breathless from running, with their ranks thinned, and their leading officers gone—to escalate one of the strongest bastions that was ever made, in the face of an enemy vastly superior in numbers, and animated with the fury of desperation. All this they did; and if at last they were driven out, it was not till they had held their ground for more than an hour, though feebly supported, and furiously attacked, and had left behind them a frightful hetacomb of slain. No, it is not the private soldier who was to blame; and, instead of laying the fault at his door, it would, perhaps, be more to the purpose to inquire why the assault was made at all, or, at any rate, why it was so miserably supported that the commander of the attack had to run back personally to the trenches to beg for reserves.—*Observer.*

A SURGEON'S LABOURS ON THE DAY OF THE ASSAULT.—Cure, our major, was one of the first officers who came to me, a grape-shot breaking his arm; then Richards, one of our captains, struck on the ankle by grape. He wanted to go back, but I would not let him; nor could he, if I had, for he fainted when I laid him on the breastwork. Officers and men came crowding on, mowed down by the grape from the flanking fire which rushed over and among us, throwing up dust and stones, which dealt us no gentle raps. I was struck twice, once on the back, by I think, a grape-shot—but I had no time to look—and once on the foot by a rifle ball, both "smarters," but that was all. I was too busy to observe anything that was going on, so, except the first rush, I saw nothing, I may say, of the attack. While I was hard at work among the wounded the soldiers around cried out, "Doctor, you must get out of the way—they are retreating," so I looked up and saw our men rushing helter-skelter into and over the open to the trenches in the rear of us. I did not exactly know what to do, so I drew my sword (which, by the way, got very bloody that day, but not with Russian blood), and went on with my dressing till I had finished all about me, and then thought of moving off. I could not leave poor Richards, as we all expected the Russians to be in among us every minute, so there was nothing for it but to put him on my back and carry him, which I did till I got a stretcher by some means or other, and raised some men of the reserve to carry him home. Then I went down to the trenches again, dressing any wounded I found on the way.

THE KING OF NAPLES.—The black cloud is gathering surely—and not slowly—around the head of the King of Naples. It is in vain that he runs for refuge to the chestnut woods of Castellamare, or the still deeper solitudes of some of those remoter villas from which he governs his kingdoms, and pursues the chase with all the energy of the later Bourbons. Care dogs his steps, and fear flits like a shadow across his path. Every gentle gale that comes to him laden with the perfumes of the sweet South, whispers in his ear the muttered curses of his subjects, or—that is to him still more appalling—the distant clang of foreign armaments which may one day call him to account. The sovereign in whose hands the Almighty has placed the destinies of so many millions of His creatures, lets loose among them suspicion, terror, despair. He points them out to his *shirri* and armed ruffians—we will not dishonour the bright name of "soldier" by applying it to such as they are—as their allotted prey. They are seized upon in their houses, in their beds, in the markets, at the doors of the theatres, and hauled off to filthy dens from which humanity would shrink back aghast. But let no man imagine that the trade of tyrant is a desirable calling. We know of nothing more piteous and more contemptible in modern history than the conduct of this King. For the last two or three centuries, save at St. Petersburg, monarchs have not been in the habit of dodging from hole to corner to avoid the assassin's knife. But even in Russia it would be a slander upon the memory of crazy Paul to compare him with the present Majesty of Naples. Lunatic as he was, the Czar was no coward. Let the meanest man in these kingdoms—steeped though he may be in poverty even to the lips—afflicted by all the afflictions which can try humanity—all Job's miseries upon him, without Job's patience—fall down upon his knees and thank God that he is not as the King of Naples.

FRANCE AND ROME.—It is stated that his Holiness lately received a letter from the Emperor of the French, in which he was reminded of the stringent reasons which render a series of reasonable reforms necessary, such as were recommended in the letter of August 18, 1849, from the then President of the Republic, delivered to the Pope by M. Edgar Ney. The measures recommended were—a general amnesty, the secularisation of the administration, the Code Napoleon, and a liberal government. It is added that his Holiness replied that he was not averse to granting his subjects certain reforms calculated to secure the peace of the country without sacrificing either his dignity or that of the Holy See. To this reply it is rumoured that an answer has been received which has not proved palatable to the Holy See.

REVOLUTIONARY MANIFESTO.—The "Bien Public," of Ghent, says:—"The 'National' (a Brussels journal) publishes a long manifesto, addressed 'to Republicans,' and signed by Kossuth, Ledru Rollin, and Mazzini. It is an appeal to revolution in all parts of Europe. The three tribunes of the Red Republic declare that the moment has arrived for European democracy to constitute itself into a powerful unity, to present itself in face of its enemies, and to act. The fall of Sebastopol is, in their eyes, the beginning of a general war, the end of which must be advantageous to the various populations. 'Organise yourselves, and dare!' is the conclusion of the new manifesto."

ESPIONAGE AT ROME.—In order, I presume, to mark his high consideration for your paper, the Minister of Police has done me the honour of placing two of his most confidential agents constantly in attendance on me. I have been obliged, on this account, to refrain from visiting many Romans for fear of subjecting them to an equal amount of espionage, and possibly even to something worse.—*Times' Correspondent at Rome*

THE CRIMEAN ARMY FUND.

THE committee charged with the superintendence of this fund have published an account of their transactions in the form of a very perspicuous and readable report. The fund in question was raised for the special purpose of aiding our army in the Crimea, by forwarding to it such articles of comfort and convenience as would mitigate its hardships and trials. The subject was first mooted in a letter addressed to the "Times;" certain preliminary movements followed, and on the 1st of December last the organisation of the committee was completed.

The appeal of the committee to the public was answered in a manner for which these gentlemen, though they might naturally reckon on the willingness of their countrymen in such a cause, frankly acknowledge that they "were scarcely prepared." The ultimate amount of subscriptions was £22,100 4s. 7d.; but this sum represents only a portion of the means at the committee's disposal. The contributions and offerings in kind which were made were most remarkable. The general list of contributions comprises in its items 350 dozen of port, a good supply of the best description having been sent ready bottled and packed by the principal Oporto merchants in London; 220 dozen of rum, &c., and 37 dozen of brandy; no fewer than 700 gallons of whiskey having been transmitted from the distillers of Campbelltown alone for the special use of the Highland regiments. Of stout, 4,500 gallons were contributed; and of ale, 5,852, exclusive of 1,000 gallons of Welbeck ale, presented by the Duke of Portland. The association received also 4,360 lbs. of tobacco, 805 gross of pipes, 2,400 lbs. of soap, 16,000 lbs. of candles, and from 10,000 to 15,000 volumes of books. The bales of clothing sent were 600 in number; and 37,000 flannel shirts and jerseys, 36,000 pairs of mitts, 29,000 pairs of socks, and 17,000 comforters, are particularly specified, as representing the kind exertions of the women of England. We mention these aggregates for their magnitude; but, in speaking of the contributions, the honorary agents observe in their report—"It is impossible to give even a faint idea of the generous and patriotic feelings of man, woman, and child, which each of some hundred of boxes bespoke. It seemed as though the ingenuity of all that home-thoughtfulness could suggest to the sympathetic heart was exhibited in the variety and quantity of necessities, comforts, and luxuries intrusted to our care." Altogether the contributions of goods were estimated at the value of at least £30,000.

The next question was how to get all these things out to the Crimea, and to distribute them when they got there. The work was one of considerable difficulty, but through the enterprising exertions of the committee, the goods were speedily transported to the seat of war, and lodged in storehouses in the vicinity of Balaklava. Then came the task of distribution.

In conformity with resolutions previously adopted, and with advice which they received, the agents decided, first, on distribution by sale, rather than gift; and, secondly, on making a classification of the army and the naval force ashore under certain heads or sections, each comprising more or fewer parts, for the purposes in contemplation. As to a distinction between the goods bought and the goods received gratuitously, "it was necessarily impossible," say the agents, "to give all that was given, to sell all that was purchased; the two could not have been distinguished by us." Accordingly, the agents issued gratis large supplies of such articles as were specially applicable to fighting men, to the hospitals, or to the public service generally; by which measure it was thought an equivalent would be provided for such a portion of goods as might be sold by the association, though received in the form of free contributions. On the rest, a price was put, never exceeding, and in most cases falling considerably below, the cost price of the commodity in England. When these arrangements had been established, printed lists (enclosing certain blank forms) were issued to the several parts or divisions of the army, and upon the presentation of these lists duly filled up at the storehouses, the required goods were delivered to the quartermasters or other officers appointed to receive them. With the subsequent distribution of the goods, the agents did not interfere. In this way, three successive issues were made, until at length, in the month of May, it was conceived that the work of the mission was accomplished, and that it was desirable to close it. Accordingly, the best disposition practicable was made of the remaining stores. A considerable quantity of clothing had been unappropriated, and these bales, therefore, not being required, had been laid up in store. Other goods, either on hand or expected, were made over to the authorities gratuitously, or at low prices, for the general benefit of the service, 1,700 lbs. of fine cut Virginia tobacco, being offered to General Della Marmora for the use of the Sardinian troops.

Such is a brief account of a mission which reflects the highest credit on all concerned.

THE SULTAN'S PRIME MINISTER.

MEHMET ALI PACHA is a strong-minded, but unlettered Turk, who rose from a low origin, was brought up in the late Sultan's palace, and married his master's daughter. This was an honour from which every sensible man who was above absolute want endeavoured to escape in the old times. The daughters of the great reforming Sultan have generally resembled in temper the two queens who sprang from a very similar potentate in England. Achmet Fethi Pacha, who married one of them, hardly dared to express an opinion—he did not even smoke in her presence. Mehmet Ali seems to have gained the best, and by her help he rose through various gradations until he attained the same post which he now holds. In this position he made large sums by such devices as drawing on the Treasury for the construction of large steamers, and then ordering small ones at Blackwall, substituting 32 pounders for 48 pounders, or building vessels of inferior wood, bought cheaply at half the sum mentioned in the contract. Let it not, however, be thought that these little failings at all lowered him in the eyes of the diplomatic body, or even of Lord Stratford himself; for long after they were excellent friends. Mehmet Ali received small gratifications from other quarters, and though a strict Mussulman, interested himself warmly in behalf of every Christian who was rich. At last he became a sharer in the transactions which have furnished his subsequent opponents with a pretext against him. Djézairli, an Armenian, farmed the customs of Constantinople. He was extravagant, built a splendid mansion, plundered the State, bribed on all sides, but without skill, and was overthrown by Mehmet Ali, because of his increasing connection with Redschid Pacha. When his accounts were examined there was a deficiency. "I gave," said the unfortunate man, "£50,000 to the Sultan's mother, and £40,000 to Mehmet Ali." The insolent Giaour was ordered back to prison for his calumny. Then came the Menschikoff mission. Mehmet Ali behaved very well, and was supported by all the influence of Lord Stratford, to whom the Pacha was pleasingly deferential. But the prudence of the Porte substituted Redschid for Mehmet Ali in the cabinet, in order not to break entirely with Russia. Redschid became in a most undignified manner the partisan of Lord Stratford. Even the confidence of the Porte was violated that the British representative might have early intelligence of all interviews or official documents. Redschid Pacha being now the most useful instrument, the desire of Mehmet Ali to return to power was viewed with alarm, for he was not likely to be as friendly as before. He had of late fallen back on the old Turkish party and become its leader. To his popularity with the Sultan and the people he looked more than to diplomatic support. He was an energetic man who must be combated and crushed. The old affair with Djézairli was again opened, and the acceptance of illegal presents by Mehmet Ali was published in all the Turkish journals. His exile was then wrung from the Sultan after a long resistance. It now appears that he was too strong for both Redschid and his protector. He has been recalled, and resumed office with, it is said, the concurrence of the French embassy. Such is a piece of political history in the present day.

MARSHAL ST. ARNAUD'S VIEW OF LONDON.—In writing to his brother the Marshal bade him leave London, where law cases lasted three centuries and occupied the attention of six generations—quit St. Paul's for Notre Dame. In London, he said, life was insupportable without luxurious equipages, plenty of society, and country trips every Sunday. He would advise him, however, not to leave it without having dined at the Star and Garter at Richmond, and to avoid the Burgundy there.

INDIA.

THE SANTAL INSURRECTION.

THE Santal insurrection continues to devastate the country, but the insurgents are now being hemmed in on all sides by our troops, and must speedily yield to force of arms. The mountain territory near Rajmahal, usually their home, lies nearly parallel to the Ganges, and covers an area of about 2,000 square miles, the peaks rising to an elevation of from 2,000 to 4,000 feet. The people have generally been quiet, industrious, and well-behaved, the present being the first time during the 70 years we have had to deal with them that they have occasioned us the slightest annoyance. The causes of the outbreak are still dubious. The 30,000 supposed to be in the country are scattered about in small parties, committing ravages so atrocious that one shudders on reading them. The conflicts between them and the regular troops have invariably ended in the overthrow of the barbarians; and, as the close of their career approaches, it becomes matter of consideration how those that may escape shall be dealt with. Capital punishments, to the extent they are deserved, would imply an amount of slaughter not to be thought of. Those who have once tasted the pleasure of plundering the plains, may, if left in their mountains, come to forget the results of their misconduct, and repeat practices, the very thought of which must keep the provinces around them in alarm. The fertile fields of Pegue, productive enough to supply food to millions, and to extinguish the apprehension of famine in Madras, lie barren for want of cultivators, and as the Santals are an industrious, hard-working race, never until now charged with impropriety, the "Friend of India" has proposed that the whole of those engaged in the insurrection should, with their household goods and families, be henceforth located in British Burmah.

By the latest accounts, Aug. 29, from the seat of the insurrection, it would appear that although the rising was not entirely suppressed, various severe checks had been inflicted on the rebels, and that the restoration of order may be hopefully anticipated. The intelligence of the affair is now assuming an aspect of completeness and coherence, and the movements both of the insurgents and of the troops may now be stated succinctly and with tolerable certainty. At the date of our latest accounts from Calcutta, the troops were still in motion, closing in upon the rebels and driving them back, till it seemed likely they would concentrate themselves upon the town of Soorey, and, perhaps, in desperation, meet us in the field. But as yet no signal retribution has been inflicted, though we have not heard lately of any special acts of atrocity. Mr. Bidwell, of the Bengal Civil Service, has been appointed to watch and to report upon the insurrection.

In addition to the various causes of this outbreak to which reference has been made in previous numbers of the "Illustrated Times," another has been suggested and received with some favour as a plausible solution of the difficulty. It is said that the Santals had been exceedingly irritated of late by the presence among them of a number of keen Bengalee money-lenders, who speedily emptied the hoards of a simpler people, who found themselves before long tied hand and foot by the most pitiless of creditors. To add to their grievances, they complain of extortion practised upon them by the native officers of the court in which the claims against them were preferred. In one or both of these ways it appears that a family of importance, consisting of four brothers, had been ruined, or severely injured. One of these brothers had been a leader of dacoits, and in the practice of that profession had probably added greatly to his influence among his own people, and also conceived and disseminated clear notions of the compressibility and personal cowardice of the Bengalees. This man, by name Kanoo Majuee, with one of his brothers, Saidhoo Majuee, seems to have resolved on a great attempt at revenge. They incited the people to take arms, not merely by an appeal to the oppressions under which they were labouring, but by assurances of an "avatar," or incarnation of their deity, which, speaking through Saidhoo, commanded them to rise and expel all Europeans, money-lenders and Court officials, promising them at the same time to render the arms of their opponents innoxious. Thus, it is said, arose an insurrection which has now for more than a month wasted some of the fairest and richest portions of Bengal, and has undoubtedly inflicted a severe wound on the prestige of the Government.

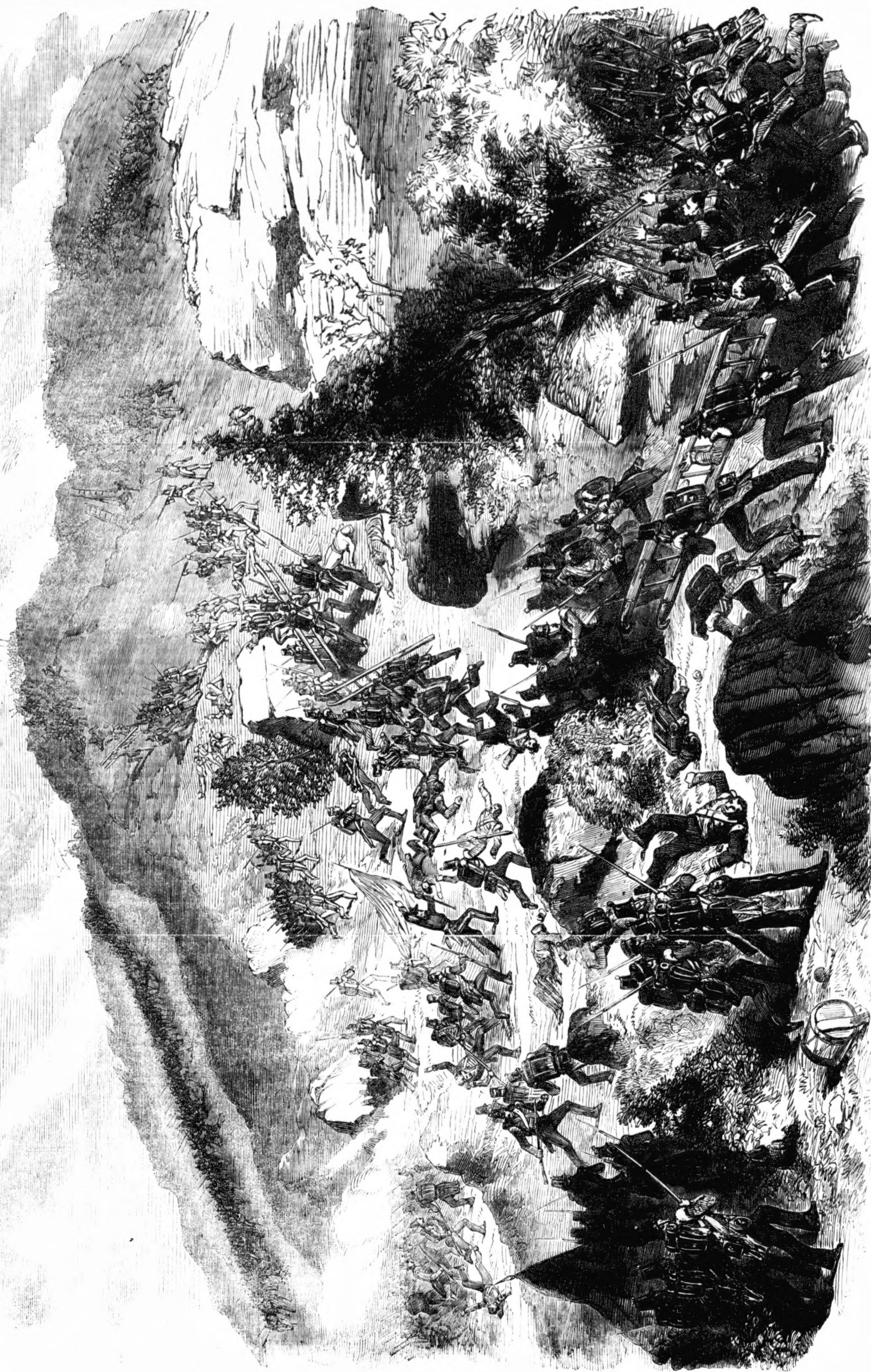
The Santals are a race little better than savages, who inhabit the lower slopes of the hills from Bangpouree to Orissa. They are, for the most part, destitute of fire-arms, but they in a measure make up for the disadvantage by their skill in the use of the bow, which they do not hesitate to render more deadly by the cruel device of poisoned arrows. Their religion is simple and barbarous idolatry—the worship of stocks and stones, without any of those mystical refinements by which the idolatry of the Hindoos is overlaid. Their mythology, compared with that of the Hindoos, is almost a blank, and they have no notions of caste. Their food consists of almost anything that can be eaten, from toads and caterpillars, up to tigers and horned cattle, for the flesh of kine is not forbidden to them. As to their vices, it is certain, from their recent proceedings, that they combine cowardice with cruelty to a remarkable degree, for they war with women and children as well as men; and, unlike the North American Indian, who prizes most a warrior's scalp, the head of a woman is to the Santal the most acceptable trophy that he can take away from the village of his enemy. But with all this it is remarkable that the Santals are distinguished for a love of truth which exists nowhere else among the natives of India. Their numbers are said to amount to 100,000 fighting men; and if they are joined by the other tribes, the number of Vindhyan-hill men capable of bearing arms against us would become formidable indeed. It is not supposed that any attempt will be made during the present season to do more than drive the enemy to the hills, and keep him there. Next cold season will be the time for active offensive operations; and most signal retribution for the damage done must be inflicted, if the shock which this affair has given to our prestige is to be recovered from.

WAR BETWEEN MAHOMETANS AND HINDOOS.

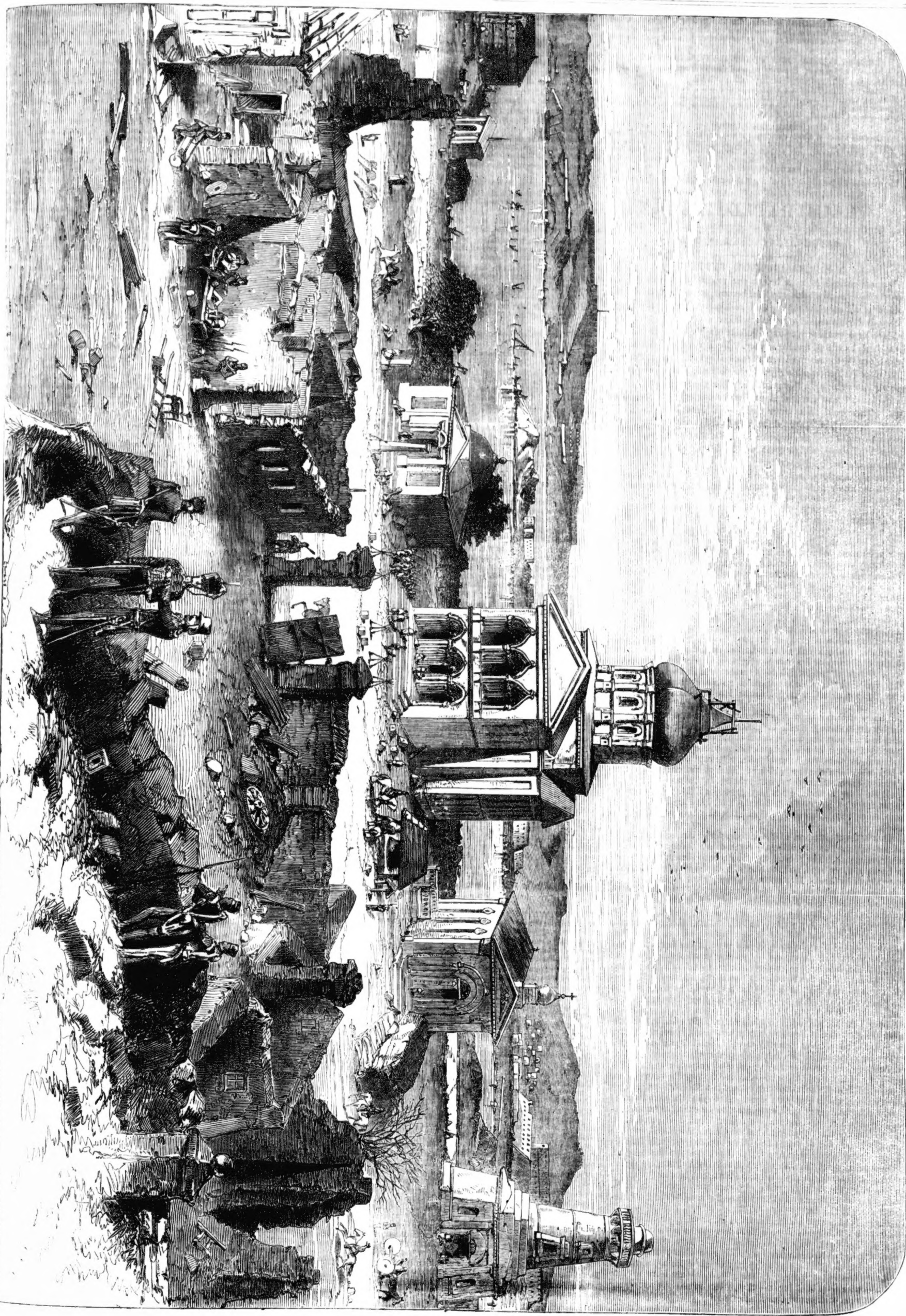
A religious war appears to be raging in Oude, betwixt the Mahometans and Hindoos, the King's troops having joined the former against the latter, without the slightest regard apparently to the wishes of authority. This state of matters will in all likelihood hasten on the crisis that has long been looked for. The Governor-General has meanwhile given orders that not a man shall be moved from Cawnpore, a station formerly belonging to Oude, and close upon its western frontier. The force here stationed at present consists of two battalions of artillery, one regiment of cavalry, and three regiments of infantry, or 4,000 men in all. We have three regiments at Lucknow itself, and were military operations to become necessary, a force abundantly sufficient for the occupation of the kingdom could be provided whenever required in a short space of time. The Governor-General is understood to have made up his mind on the subject of the indispensability of annexation. The reported interference with the affairs of Oodipore has been explained away. It is not against the Rana that our troops were to take the field, but to assist him, at his own earnest and long-continued entreaties, to bring to order his own rebellious nobles.

WOLVES, SNAKES, AND TIGERS.—A singular record, it has just been published, showing that within a recent period 600 children have been destroyed by wolves in the Panjab—nearly 1,000 were, some twenty years ago, slaughtered in the same way around Agra. The ornaments of the infants are generally found in the dens where their poor little bodies are devoured, and those who make a trade of getting possession of the plunder thus provided to their hands, have created an impression amongst the people that the village where a wolf is killed is sure to come to ruin; and the ferocious brutes, when caught, are frequently set free with a bell around their neck. The loss of life from snake-bites in Seinde, has become so serious that Government have taken measures for the destruction of these reptiles. It is notorious that, during the last fifteen or twenty years, many thousands of men have been killed by tigers in the East. Yet the only measures adopted by Government, to prevent this enormous sacrifice of life, have been to dig tiger-pits in various parts of Singapore, and to give a reward of 100 company's rupees for every tiger killed on the island. This reward is, for all practical purposes, ineffective; it ought to be increased to 250 rupees; for the price of procuring the destruction of one tiger in the jungle of Singapore is a hundred dollars, and the thing cannot be done for 110 company's rupees. Singular illustrations these of the scantiness of the population.

ON AN OFFER being made to an American gentleman, residing in Paris, to enter the Russian service with a high title and position near the person of the Emperor, he replied, that too high an estimate was placed upon his talents, but that such as they were they were due exclusively to his own country, and to Republican principles.



THE ATTACK ON THE REDAN SKETCHED FROM THE WORONZOW ROAD.—(BY JULIAN PUGH)



THE STREET OF THE BELL, SEBASTOPOL. (DESIGNED BY JULIAN PORTER.)

INTERIOR OF SEBASTOPOL.

IN our next Number, we shall continue the publication of our Engravings of the various important incidents connected with the Capture of Sebastopol, and shall publish further Views of the Present Aspect of the great Russian Stronghold in the Black Sea, from Sketches by the talented Artists attached to this Journal.

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ILLUSTRATED TIMES.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1855.

THE EXAMINATION SYSTEM.

WE are anxious to keep before our readers the necessity of a thorough discussion of this question, because, in reality, it lies at the bottom of all social reform. And politics are reformed through society, rather than society through politics.

There is no necessary connection between the doctrine of "an open career to talent" and democracy. In Russia, for instance, the "right man"—to use the latest phrase—is generally found "in the right place." But whatever good can ultimately come out of democracy, is contained in this principle. The good which the French Revolution did was not that it produced ROBESPIERRES and ROLLINS. These men have never stood,—and human nature revolts against them. But it opened the way to the general ability of the kingdom—and hence the superior education of their officers at this moment. How scandalous that we should put young men into command who can hardly spell!

It is abundantly proved that we are among the worst educated nations in Europe. What is worse, too, is, that our upper classes neglect their education so much. ROGER ASCHAM complained of it in the time of ELIZABETH; BACON in that of JAMES; SWIFT in that of ANNE, and so on. We are told that men must be taken from "the ranks," yet we have not done a tithe of what we might, with the class above the ranks. Besides, to what purpose express your willingness to raise men from the ranks, if you give them no opportunity of qualifying for it? You might as well ask a man to dinner whom you knew to be imprisoned in the Queen's Bench.

This is a question, above all others, a question of the people's—to whom the "Illustrated Times" is addressed. There is but one agency which can raise a poor man, and that is education. It is the only quality which can put him at all on a level with property. As it becomes evident that property is more powerful every day, it behoves the class who have not property to seek what help they can in culture. Culture will do a man more good than a vote,—to say nothing of its making his vote worth having. But the trick of the new enslavers of mankind is to persuade them that a vote is everything, and their moral development of no consequence. The result is to throw poor and ignorant voters into the hands of rich and grasping men. Hence a lower tone of the House of Commons, for one thing—so that it is not uncommon to hear of men setting up for members who have got rich by quackery and greediness,—who are bores in their manners, and ignorant of the commonest rudiments of knowledge. Such success debases the public opinion of the kingdom, and degrades the national taste. Perhaps something of this is inevitable, in a country like ours. But, at the same time, we have education, examination, prizes, &c., held out to the many, something would be done to abate our money-worship a little. The working-classes are most interested in this, for they have proved themselves more eager to get knowledge than at least a large section of the middle.

What is the explanation of the success which our universities, old and old-fashioned as they are, still command? They have a free emulative system. The poorest man who goes to them, may "go in" for honours, fellowships, and the like, and on the whole splendid men are produced by them. It is not uncommon, now-a-days, to hear the "classics" and all belonging to them abused by men who know as much about them as a Newfoundland dog. But the most recent examinations show that the classics are well taught in this country, and the system, therefore, cannot be bad. Men, who ignore human nature, and prefer cant, delight in condemning all emulation; but from the days of the Olympic Games down, it has been one grand mover of the spirit of man, and it has the express sanction of St. Paul. Society can only be reformed by an appeal to man's spontaneous instincts,—by the forces of nature itself. Nature, which impels a man to seek what he is qualified for, would be more likely to find good men for us, than we shall get by trusting to the present system.

So much for the philosophy of the matter. Practically, the difficulties are great, but it does not matter how great, since, unless they are met, English society cannot long exist,—and if, we suppose, is worth a little trouble! With bungling everywhere, and ignorance everywhere,—and wealth increasing out of all proportion to the wit to employ it and the heart to use it,—the traditional Christian wisdom which is still left of our inheritance cannot last for ever,—nor can we expect luck always to supply its place. If anybody expects by mere preaching to make hack politicians cease to be selfish under an irresponsible constitution,—he is a simpleton. But it is possible, we hope, to do something, by using what modern experience shows to be good;—it is possible, by acting on a scale too large for individual objections to do hurt, to secure men of parts, whoever they may be, for the state service. That this has not been done of late, is only too obvious. It is conspicuously obvious in the army, because it happens that the army has the great work of the present time on its hands. But it is not a fact peculiar to the army,—for it exists there, only because it exists in the state.

The war has done us a signal service, by showing us our natural position in many things. Were a European war so conducted, England's position would be critical indeed. We have always gladly pointed out improvements where we have seen them; and we are quite confident of the country's capacity to make far more when it once determines to set thoroughly about it. We are likewise quite confident—with Mr. MACAULAY—that, "the means for remedying the Constitution exist in the Constitution itself."

SAYINGS AND DOINGS.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS'S new work of fiction, announced to appear in November, is entitled "Little Dorrit."

THE SULTAN has sent to Marshal Pelissier a magnificent sabre, and conferred upon him the title of Sirdar, with a pension of 200,000fr. (£8,000) annually. Other Generals have been appointed pachas, and a few colonels elevated to the dignity of beys.

THE QUANTITY OF CORN issued daily for horses, mules, and ponies in the English army is, at the present moment, not less than 280,000lbs.

THE LORD MAYOR ELECT has appointed the Rev. Dr. Mortimer, to be his Chaplain during the ensuing mayoralty.

AT THE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION, Regent Street, there is now on view a new model of the town and fortifications of Sebastopol, with the siege works of the Allies.

PRINCE ALBERT, it is said, has decided upon visiting Birmingham, for the purpose of laying the first stone of the buildings of the Birmingham and Midland Institute, on the 22nd or 23rd of next month.

THERE is reason to believe that by the end of the present month, the King of Sardinia will have sufficiently recovered his strength to be enabled to pay the long-talked-of visit to the Emperor of the French.

CHEVALIER BUNSEN, lately Prussian minister at our court, has been named as one of the liberal candidates for the representation of the City of Berlin in the Prussian Chamber.

THE "SIECLE" is about to open its columns to another work of fiction by the author of "The Mysteries of Paris."

GENERAL BOSQUET, according to a despatch of the 27th ult., has completely recovered from his wound, received during the capture of the Malakoff, and was shortly to resume his command.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND has established a branch of its banking department at Uxbridge House, Burlington Gardens, which is now open for business.

A COLLISION took place between two ferryboats on the Mersey on Sunday evening, when a child was jerked out of its mother's arms and drowned.

THE LATE SIR WATKIN WILLIAMS WYNN planted, between the years 1815 and 1820, no less than 630,000 trees upon mountainous lands in the vicinity of Llangollen.

THE WINDOWS of the cloisters of Gloucester Cathedral are to be filled with stained glass.

AT GLASGOW, a man has been sentenced to sixty days' imprisonment for stealing a farthing.

THE BRIDGE between Forts St. Nicholas and Michael was not constructed on pontoons, but simply composed of beams and spars lashed together and planked over. It was 3,000 feet long and 22 feet wide, and was only finished on the 27th of August.

SMOKING is a capital crime in Timbuctoo.

A LADY, observing the following notice on a board:—"Horses taken in to grass. Long tails, three shillings and sixpence; short tails, two shillings," asked the owner of the land the reason for the difference of price. "Why, you see, ma'am," he replied, "the long tails can brush away the flies, but the short tails are so tormented by them, they can hardly eat at all."

A PRIZE OF TWENTY GUINEAS is offered for the best Essay on the Stereoscope, Sir David Brewster being arbitrator.

ANTON SCHURIGERS, a foreigner, has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment for inciting soldiers of her Majesty's Foreign Legion to desert.

DURING A THUNDERSTORM in LIVERPOOL last week, the electric fluid ignited the contents of a firework manufactory, and a fearful explosion, accompanied by loss of life, was the result.

TWO LARGE MEETINGS of CHRISTIANS of all denominations, have taken place at Melbourne, with reference to the evangelisation of the Chinese.

THE BANKS at MELBOURNE have, in face of an order in council, refused to take the sovereigns coined at the Sydney Mint.

IN INDIA two Europeans ejected an unctuous native three-fourths naked, sitting next to them in a railway carriage. The case came before the Supreme Court, when the judge decided that the native's ideas of decency were the sole criterion, and fined the Europeans accordingly.

A LIE IS A NIMBLE THING, and will run round the world before Truth can pull on its boots to overtake it; but Truth is a stern rider, and is sure to come up with his chase at last.

OUT OF THE 10,000 Russian seamen engaged in the heroic defence of Sebastopol, no more than a fourth part survive, and some six or seven officers.

DURING A RECENT ENCOUNTER with the SANTALS, a Sepoy was shot by an arrow, which went down his throat, and stuck fast. He looked a strange figure with the arrow, three feet long, sticking out of his mouth.

THE ELECTRIC WIRE has been again broken in the Black Sea.

COLONEL ST. ANGE, pronounces this deliberate judgement on the English stormers:—"In spite of their failure, their honour remains unimpaired. No troops in the world could have done more under the same conditions."

UPWARDS OF 20 British admirals have died during the present year.

LAST WEEK a young man lost his life in the shop of a gunsmith at Liverpool, through a companion snapping a pistol which was unfortunately loaded, that some careless individual had just left to be repaired.

ON THE NIGHT of the 25th inst., there will be a total eclipse of the moon.

MECHI AND THE FARMERS.—It is a common thing for Mr. Mechi when he enters a farmyard, and sees a puddle of dark-coloured water, to say, "I see a sovereign or half a sovereign in that pool;" and forthwith the farmer proceeds with a hoe to try to recover it, but soon finds that this is a mere display of Mr. Mechi's wit, for what he meant was that the liquid manure in the pond was worth the money.

AT THE ATTACK ON THE GREAT REDAN, Lieutenant F. Kingscote, lost his right hand. When on the parapet, waving his sword, two Russians fired at him, one hitting and breaking his sword, and the other smashing his hand.

DESERTIONS FROM THE FOREIGN LEGION are very prevalent. During the past week no less than 40 men have been returned as "missing."

GENERALS SIR DE LACY EVANS and SIR MICHAEL CREAGH are now in Paris. Sir Robert Peel is among the recent arrivals.

THE DECISION OF THE WORCESTERSHIRE MAGISTRATES who committed the old labourer for reaping his own corn on a Sunday, has been set aside by the Secretary of State on account of its illegality.

THE GOVERNMENT have had the bad taste to promote, pro. tem., Inspector Hughes of Hyde Park riots notoriety, before the report of the Commissioners has made its appearance.

ACCORDING TO LORD PALMERSTON, the only Englishman who ever entered the walls of the arsenal of Sebastopol, had, in the disguise of a peasant, to accompany a cart loaded with hay.

PRINCE FREDERICK WILLIAM of Prussia, the reputed suitor of the Princess Royal, has returned to Berlin.

WHILE TWO FRENCH LADIES were last week engaged in the amusement of shooting on the territory of Antigny, the gun of one of them accidentally went off, and broke the leg of the other, whom it was found necessary to convey home on a litter.

ON THE 4TH ULT., a spy in the Russian interest was hung at Kars.

DR. LETHEBY was elected on Tuesday last, Medical Officer of Health to the City of London.

THE ABERDEEN RAILWAY COMPANY have abandoned the use of second-class carriages on their line, and reduced the first-class fares to the second-class rates.

THE KING OF THE BELGIANS was made Field-Marshal of the British Army for marrying the Princess Charlotte; and Prince Albert, in accordance with this precedent, was made a Field-Marshal for marrying the Queen.

SINCE THE INTRODUCTION OF CAPITAL PUNISHMENT INTO GREECE, the hangmen appointed have all been pardoned convicts. Seven of these have been murdered, and no trace ever discovered of their murderers. An eighth has just perished by the dagger of his colleague.

MARSHAL PELISSIER has had a meeting with General Simpson on the subject of the English correspondents in the Crimea, with a view to prevent indiscreet revelations.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS read his "Christmas Carol" to 600 persons on Friday week, in the large room belonging to Mr. Regis, builder, Mill Lane, Folkestone, which had been fitted up for the occasion.

THE MARRIAGE OF LADY CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT, daughter of the Earl of Minto, with Mr. Portal, M.P., was solemnized at the Church of St. George's, Hanover Square, on Tuesday last. Amongst the friends and relatives of the bride and bridegroom present were Lord and Lady John Russell.

A NUMBER OF MASONS have just left Lyons for Sebastopol, and some dozens of carpenters are to leave in a day or two, to accelerate the repairs of the buildings at Sebastopol.

SIR T. TROUBRIDGE, late of the 7th Fusiliers, is about to be married to Miss Louisa Gurney, daughter of Mr. Daniel Gurney, of Norwich.

MISS POOLE, the favourite singer, is to give readings from Shakspeare next week, at Maidstone.

THE LOUNGER AT THE CLUBS.

WITH a strong feeling in the country that the attack on the Redan had been badly planned and badly carried out—with strong murmurs against General Simpson's unfitness for his position, echoing from persons of all shades of political opinion—with the knowledge that the "crowning mercy" of Sebastopol had been bungled by the English at least, our Government come forward last week, and, by the publication of a "Gazette," convert apologists into enemies, and render enemies even more inimical than they were before. Lords Combermere, Stafford, and Hardinge are made Field Marshals! three old bygone, forgotten veterans of the Peninsula, gain a step in military rank, because the English General now commanding in the Crimea proved himself unworthy of the position assigned to him! There's logic for the million, if you like! Why, two of these gentlemen are octogenarians: Lord Stafford is stone blind and cannot move without the assistance of a servant, while, surely, Lord Hardinge has not shown any extraordinary ability, during the progress of the present campaign, at least. If I remember rightly, he was one of the strongest upholders of routine and red-tapeism when under examination before Mr. Roebuck's Committee, and I cannot call to mind one step which he has taken for the furtherance of useful merit above the claims of seniority and purchased rank. Does the Government think that by their recognition of Colonel Windham's services, they have blinded the eyes of the people? if so, I can tell them they are greatly mistaken. Go where you will, in every class of society, Windham's name is mentioned with acclamation; everyone rejoices at his promotion, and wishes him a fervent "God speed." But it is not forgotten that the same Gazette made the three Field Marshals here alluded to, and gave a step to General Simpson, "for his distinguished services in the field." Bah! for distinguished service in the trenches, they should have said. How well the French have behaved through it all—how they have mentioned us in despatches and private letters, and willingly recognised the gallant bravery of the men, taking no notice of the effete and miserable display made by the commanders. Depend upon it, that if Dr. Cumming is wrong, and the world lasts a few years longer than he is inclined to believe, we shall eventually become a military nation. This war will teach us a severe lesson, which we cannot overlook; and, henceforth, instead of our army being filled, as it has hitherto been, with the most insane, ignorant, and offensive of our young men, the military profession will be a profession indeed, and not a sale shop, where honours are paid to the longest purse or the oldest family. I hope and trust, sir, we shall live to see the time when a man will be made a Colonel or Field Marshal, not because he is a foreign sovereign with whom we have family ties and are in league,—not because he invented a ridiculous hat, and took care not to meddle (not too openly, at least, we'll say) with the affairs of the nation that supports him,—not because he was an old driveller who had survived the chances of a campaign which happened thirty years before, but because by his own skill and bravery he deserved such promotion. The animal courage alone does not do; we have an example of that in Lord Gough, who just managed to save his "bacon," and in sailing Charley Napier. Let our soldiers and sailors be educated, I say; don't let it be sufficient that Poole of Saville Row made their clothes, that they are members of Pratt's, and lodge, when in town, at Limmers'. Let them take example from their French brethren—let them look to talent and prowess as the only opening for promotion—let them eschew the awfully empty vanity which now is proverbial of their class, and we may perhaps look forward to a different style of description of the British army than that given by Mr. Russell in his account of the attack on the Redan.

Lord Palmerston, Sir E. B. Lytton, and Sir Joseph Paxton have each been addressing popular assemblies during the past week, and all have spoken well. The Premier's speech was sensible and to the point. He had doffed the fool's cap and bells for the nonce, and spoke earnestly and strongly; so did Sir Bulwer, though his tone was, of course, more high-flown and "book-like." But, above all, I was surprised at the newspaper version of Paxton's oration. It certainly read very clear, terse, and business-like; but he has not an "h" in his voice, which, joined to a profound contempt for Lindley Murray, renders him objectionable to a critical audience.

Castle Hedingham, also, has been the scene of a political meeting, for here the Protectionists assembled in small numbers, and fell down and worshipped the Right Hon. W. Beresford, whose speech, by-the-by, was not particularly encouraging. A Rev. Mr. Cox, with whose name at such meetings I am familiar, returned thanks for some toast, and made a most malignant, uncharitable, and unchristian attack upon the memory of the late Sir Robert Peel, which, according to the newspaper report, was received with "loud cheers." As a body, these Essex agriculturists are a nice set. I attended a harvest home once; when speaking of Peel, the chairman at supper feelingly remarked, "Darn 'un, I could stick a knife into 'un," which sentiment met with universal applause, and was echoed by all present.

The "Chronicle" and other daily papers have been very angry with the "Times" about the article in the latter, in reference to the rumoured alliance between our Princess Royal and the son of the Prince of Prussia. Depend upon it, the "Times" was right, and that article was but the reflex of public opinion! We are a patient, long-suffering people, but I am convinced that the middle and lower classes are getting tired of this eternal German alliance, and the consequent drain upon our resources. Why not repeal that wretched Royal Marriage Act, and let our Princes and Princesses of the blood intermarry with some of our first nobility? Surely, the Howards, Pelhams, Stanleys, Percys, Somersets, are as good as any Schinckhausen or Blutwurtskorben of any little petty German fifty acres, which they call a "state." England is looked upon as a large milch cow, to supply the wants of all these open-mouthed youths. And this was all very well some years ago, but now the "nation of shopkeepers" is becoming more and more essentially commercial, and we want a *quid pro quo*. To be sure, we make the most of what we do get. Here is Liverpool illuminated on Tuesday night, in honour of the capture of Sebastopol (which is only half taken), and in honour of the illustrious Duke of Cambridge, that noble hero who has covered himself with laurels since the commencement of the war!

Last week I made a blunder, and chronicled the death of Sir Henry Ellis of the British Museum, instead of Sir Henry Ellis, the diplomatist, who was fortunate enough to prefix Right Honourable and append K.C.B. to his name.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

HERE are before me piles of uncut books, some in flaming yellow covers—shilling editions—designed to catch the eye, with alliterative titles, intended to tickle the mental palate; squab quarto volumes of travels, octavo novels, thin pamphlets on statistical, sanitary, and political subjects, and, above all, the magazines of the month. These must be first treated; the heavier matter can well stand over; so, paper-knife in hand, I rush to the assault, and slash into the pages of "Blackwood," the first article in which, on "North and the Noctes" is so excellent, that I forget I am reading, not for amusement but criticism, and actually do not skip a page, or even a sentence. Of course you can imagine the tendency of an article on Christopher North, published in "Blackwood's Magazine" (more especially when there is a new edition to sell), but you can have no idea of the excellent style in which the subject has been handled. The weakest point in it is the laudation—it is rather too highly sugared; but even that is less offensive than the real preface to the book itself. There is no bitterness of party spirit, no savage snarlings at the rough manner in which the posthumous publication has been recently handled in certain quarters, no dismal wail for past Protection, and very little unpleasant allusion to statesmen of opposition politics. The article is a thoroughly gentlemanlike piece of writing, showing scholarship without pedantry, fire without malice, humour without coarseness. As I read, I wondered whose work it was, being not rude and rough enough for Aytoun, too clever for Warren, something like Whyte Melville; and yet—when upon coming to the conclusion, my doubts were solved by the simple words, "Camp before Sebastopol, Sept. 1," and I knew it to be the production of Major Bruce Hanley, R.A., the author of "Lady Lee's Widowhood," and the best man that John Blackwood has laid hands on for many a long day.

"The Baltic in 1855," is the concluding number of two articles written

some officer in the fleet, who last year penned some of his experiences in the "Blackwood." The "Times" have been lucky in securing him for a special correspondent, and instead of that melancholy, rapid catalogue of weary doings, such as "Fleet weighed at noon. July 5.—Man overboard from the vessel. We should have not only been kept *au courant* to the daily proceedings on board the vessels, but should have gained some clear information of the country, and read arguments, ideas, and propositions thought over and well expressed. The description of the descent of Swallow is quite Russellish in its force.

It is an able paper on "History," forming one of the series now going on in "Modern Light Literature," in which the recent volumes of Miss Strickland, Mrs. Matthew Hall, and Dr. Doran, on the lives of Queens of England, are discussed. To Miss Strickland the reviewer pays several graceful compliments, and when he does find fault for leniency, and tendency to regard everything as *coulour de rose*, for he does it in a very gentle way. He is rather more severe on Mrs. Hall; and not without cause, as he shows; and he is infinitely patient to that rag-bag-hunting, forced-joke-making, old-story-telling editor, Dr. Doran.

In "Books for the Holidays," which treat of works on sporting, we find the splendid description, and the true-sportsman feeling of Christopher North, and a series of unconnected bits of essay, called "An Old Contraband at the Seaside," is, I venture to say, a mistake.

Christopher North is also the subject of the opening article in "Fraser," which is excellently treated, even at greater length than in "Blackwood." All honour is paid to Wilson himself. It is seldom that one magazine writer receives so much homage from the leading spirit in a work, as is here manifested; but the editor, Professor Ferrier, gets his share of one or two omissions and commissions, and deservedly so. It is the only noticeable article in this month's "Fraser," with the exception of a paper on Shakespeare's Sonnets, the interest due to which is lessened by the fact that the subject has been nearly worn threadbare.

The "New Monthly Magazine" is still alive, but oh! how different from the days when Maginn and Theodore Hook were numbered among its contributors! To the eye of the professed literary man, the reason for its decline and fall is at once plain. The articles are mostly *gratuitous* contributions; and in literature, certainly, the old proverb "whatever is worth paying for," is undoubtedly correct. Here is a paper on "Country Newspapers and their Editors," by Frederick Carrington Esq. (I never saw a paid writer call himself that before), which is a very meagre description of the production of a weekly newspaper in a tiny town, and oft-repeated account of the wonderful labours of the editor. There is a good paper (the only one in the magazine) on "France and its Hopes," by Cyrus Redding, in which Louis Napoleon comes in for his need of approbation. There are some good lyrics by Mr. Westwood, some tun-tum-tum tolerable verses by Mr. Thornbury, and some very bad rhymes by Miss Monek and Mr. J. E. Carpenter.

"Bentley" does not pretend to amusement, offering *rechauffés* of "Times" articles on political subjects in its stead. Amusement! Yes! Her pardon, Mr. Dudley Costello writes "Lycanthropy in London, or the Werewolf of Wilton Crescent," and if any one wishes to see what amount of rubbish can be published under Mr. Ainsworth's auspices, I recommend him to read it. The number is saved from utter contempt by Monkswood's "prosings" about Sydney Smith, which make an average magazine article.

THE THEATRICAL LOUNGER.

Did you ever hear "the note of preparation," sir? I never did myself; in the "Era," "Bell's Life," and other sporting papers, whenever anything is about to take place, of which they get an inkling, I always read "the note of preparation was sounded." And so, I suppose, in the neighbourhood of the Strand, where theatres and their *habitués* most do congregate, this wonderful note has already been heard. The theatrical season is commencing; already Drury is awake, and that wonderful Egyptian drama, long heralded by an incomprehensible playbill, has been produced—with what success I know nothing, for a *collaborateur* attended officially, while I went to the Adelphi, which on the same night (Monday) opened its portals. Mr. Hudson was the star of the occasion, opening the evening with Rory O'More. Now, Mr. Hudson is a very gentlemanly man, with a good ear for music, a nice voice for singing, and a little musing-praising Dublin accent. I don't say "brogue," because I'd not disgrace my friends in Cork and Kerry by honouring Hudson's tones with the appellation. He can't play "Rory O'More," and that's the fact; he's so hard and dry; his manner wants unction, as well as his voice; he can't "go in" for the jolly, uproarious, good-hearted peasant; but throughout the entire piece, he gives you the notion of a city man masquerading in the country. A Miss Kate Kelly, a new importation, played nicely and modestly, Kathleen; and Miss Mary Keeley, in her sweet little bird-like voice, chirruped two of Lover's songs, to the great satisfaction of the audience. The Keeleys afterwards played in the "Moving Tale," and "Open Sesame," pieces, which, despite their age and frequent repetition, were very well received. Mr. Webster, however, must push at once, if he would make a success this season. He will have powerful rivals, and he has lost great attractions. Mr. and Mrs. Leigh Murray have left him; Miss Woolgar (Mrs. Alfred Mellon, I should have said, for she has been married for these last seven or eight months to that excellent musician); and the engagement of Mr. and Mrs. Keeley ends at Easter. Then I suppose Mr. Wright will return, but he will need efficient support; and the company at present (when those I have named are excluded) is decidedly "shy."

Who is Miss Prescott Warde? Do you know? I do not; but she is announced in very large type in the bills of the Strand Theatre, so I suppose she is somebody of importance.

The melancholy accident, involving Messrs. Shepherd and Creswick, as thrown a gloom over the brilliant commencement of the season at the Surrey Theatre, and they have, in the absence of their leading characters, returned to the blood-stained melodrama line; so, at least, I imagine from the bills, the title of the first piece being the "Flower of—something—or the Convict Marquis."

Lunacy is flourishing. There is a company forming for the performance of "National Opera!" I shall have more to tell you of these Hanwellites, next week.

PROFANATIONAL MOVEMENT AMONG THE JEWS.—A movement is in progress amongst the most influential of the English Jews for the establishment of a college for the education of members of the ancient faith in London. With a view of obtaining degrees in the London University, attendance on the classical classes of University College is to be part of the scheme. Hebrew and theology are to be placed under the direction of the Chief Rabbi. A school is to be established in connection with the college. Premises have been taken in Finsbury Square.

THE NEW EXCISE DUTIES.—The new Act, to impose increased rates of duty on spirits distilled in the United Kingdom, has recently come into operation. There are 37 sections in the new law. It states, that on and after the 1st of October the duties on spirits distilled will be, in Great Britain, 8s. per gallon, and in Ireland 6s. 2d. The new duties are to be under the management of the Commissioners of the Inland Revenue. From the passing of the Act, malt might be made and used free from duty in distilling spirits. Several provisions appear in the Act to protect the revenue from frauds in respect to the making and using of malt duty free. Every person, other than a distiller, making malt duty free, is to give security. Allowances are to be made to distillers on stock or on spirits in warehouse made before the 1st of October. The allowances are to be 8d. per cask on spirits distilled from malt only, and on spirits distilled from other materials, 2d. per gallon.

THE SUBMARINE TELEGRAPH.—In consequence of the increasing submarine telegraph communication with the Continent, the Electric and International Telegraph Companies have laid down another wire between the English and Dutch coasts, in addition to three already in operation. The new cable is 119 miles in length, and weighs 235 tons. Arrangements have been completed with the Continental Governments by which messages can be forwarded direct to most of the principal cities on the Continent, and despatches are therefore now transmitted from London to Amsterdam, Berlin, Hamburg, &c., with the same facility as to Liverpool, Manchester, or Glasgow.

THE KING OF HANOVER.—says the "Hamburg Courier," "will shortly proceed to Wittenberg, to be present at a family fete. His Majesty will first visit Cologne."

THE EGYPTIAN SPECTACLE AT DRURY LANE.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—crammed, literally to the ceiling, not with holders of orders and alumni of the Free List, but with genuine playgoers and holiday folk together, with a formidable gathering of the fourth estate, in the shape of newspaper critics,—testified, last Monday night, to the anxiety of the public to become initiated into the mysteries of the land of Egypt, as unfolded in the grand spectacular drama of "Nitocris," which was to be for the first time produced on that eventful evening.

This "great Egyptian drama" has been for many months a subject of almost engrossing interest in circles theatrical, and has awakened a very strong feeling of curiosity among the public generally. "Many-headed monster" as that public is sometimes called, it has been in this instance rivalled, nay, distanced, by monsters more hydra-headed than itself, whose counterfeit presentments upon bills, placards, and four-sheet posters, encircled by marvellous hieroglyphics, has for a long time amazed and puzzled the town. "Egypt," as Mr. Smith is good enough to inform us in his curious prolegomena to the performance, "is the land of mystery, *par excellence*," and nothing could have been more mysterious than the multifarious pictorial foreshadowings of "Nitocris," that must be by this time familiar to the public eye on dead walls and hoardings, in shop-windows and omnibuses. Somewhat ruthless and unscrupulous as the Egyptian Queen is said to have been by Herodotus, she has on this occasion proved a most beneficent friend and patroness to the respectable confraternity of bill-stickers. For a considerable time these Egyptian placards, so full in suggestion, so scanty in information, were, to the million riddles, almost impossible of solution, and the Drury Lane posters were looked upon as enigmas as dispairingly difficult as those of their parent Sphinx. Seepies were even inclined to doubt the existence of "Nitocris" as a physical entity altogether, and to took upon the daily multiplying wood-cuts as mere mystical revivals of the celebrated "Where's Eliza?" the world-famous "Pickackifax," and the undying "no door-mat to-night." But well-informed persons, familiar with the penitential of prompt-boxes, and wise in the inner life of the stage-door, knew "Nitocris" to be no fantastic myth or enigmatical conjuring of the brain, but a real corporeal melodramatic spectacle, "in six tableaux, with entirely new effects, scenery, costumes, dancing, processions, and magnificent properties," the piece written by Mr. Fitzball, the getting-up under the direction of Mr. Robert Roxby, and the whole undertaking due to the zeal and speculative enterprise of Mr. E. T. Smith. With less certainty, but with great pertinacity, it was rumoured that a sum of no less than eighteen hundred pounds had been expended by the manager of the national theatre in the appointments and *mise en scene* of this spectacle of spectacles; people spoke in admiring whispers of whole tons of plaster employed in modelling colossal idols, of banners of real silk, of scenes actually built as well as painted, of legions of "supers," and cohorts of ladies of the corps de ballet; and, with the little that was known, and the immense amount that was yet to be known of "Nitocris," it can be easily understood how the Monday night gathering was a complete overflow, and pit, boxes, and gallery one compact mass of eager sight-seers, all on the tiptoe of expectation.

Before we proceed to criticise the piece, let us say a few words of its heroine. Very few indeed must be our words, as few, perhaps, as our knowledge is limited; for, with the exception of the legend that Nitocris was a Queen of Egypt—whose name is generally mentioned in connection with the third pyramid (mystery on mystery), we have nothing authentic, and little even *enrâi semblable*, to guide us in our researches. Mr. Fitzball, indeed, has drawn the plot of his drama from a passage in the "Enterpe" of Herodotus,—the Nitocris there alluded to being a strong-minded lady, who, wishing to punish the murderers of the King, her brother, (though by that deed of blood her own elevation to the throne was due), invited the assassins to a grand banquet, and after supper gave them a supplementary entertainment, in the manner of Lucretia Borgia; not, however, in the guise of poison, as did the terrible Duchess of Ferrara, but by admitting the waters of the Nile by a secret conduit into the banquetting hall, and thus drowning her guests like puppies. Mr. Fitzball, preserving the catastrophe, has shifted the responsibility from the shoulders of the Queen to her husband; and has, besides, so paraphrased, transposed, and eliminated, not to say "ramped," the story in the "Enterpe," that the "father of history," could he be summoned but for one night from the Elysian fields to a private box at Drury Lane, would have some difficulty in recognising his own again. But we are not about to blame Mr. Fitzball for his departure from the strict details of his plot. He has illustrative exemplars to justify him in sacrificing historical (?) accuracy to the exigencies of the foot-lights; besides, we should like to know how many Nitocrises there were. Like Semiramis, Ptolemy, Ninus, Rameses, the name of that sovereign and her dynasties were legion; Egypt again, *pace* Mr. Smith, is the land of mystery, and Herodotus, though the "father of history," has also been irreverently termed the "uncle of liars," and in all probability no more adhered to the plain truth about Nitocris, than has Mr. Fitzball.

The first tableau of the piece shows us the temple of Isis, on the banks of the Nile, the Pyramids in the distance, and the eastern horizon blushing with the rosy hues of sunrise. Here we find a bevy of fair vestals in the act of the adoration of the sacred fires; and to them speedily enters the young and beautiful priestess of Isis, Nitocris (Miss Glyn) the sister of Mesphra, King of Egypt, a haughty and cruel tyrant, who, unable to bear either brothers or sisters near the throne, has immured his beautiful relative in this dusky seclusion, there to tend blue-fires and worship idols with heads like pumpkins. Love, however, which "laughs at locksmiths," laughs also at Isis, at Mesphra, and has thrown in the path of Nitocris a dark youth, brave in spangles, and burning with revengeful reminiscences of his father's murder by Mesphra. He is an Ethiopian; his name is Tyrak (Mr. Barry Sullivan), and of him Nitocris becomes enamoured. A scene of innocent flirtation between the fair priestess (or rather novice) and her spangled and dark-complexioned lover, is followed by the arrival, in a "gorgeous galley," of Amenophis (Mr. Stuart), the King's Prime Minister, who comes expressly to require her attendance in a more brilliant sphere—the Court. A gay procession forms; the rowers toss their silver oars, a great embroidered and blazoned sail is hoisted, and the galley bears away its precious freight to the Royal Palace at Memphis.

The second tableau represents the interior of the palace at Memphis, where Mesphra, seated on a resplendent couch, is engaged in earnest conference with his sister. A matrimonial alliance between Nitocris and a potentate spoken of as the "Libyan King" is on the tapis; but the princess, faithful to her swarthy admirer Tyrak, indignantly repudiates the nuptial notion. The monarch grows indignant, and gives vent to a most appalling torrent of Egyptian bad language, threatening Nitocris with his "red, burning wrath," if she refuses obedience. But Tyrak, who it must be said, has been hanging about the precincts of the palace from the commencement of the act, arrives opportunely on the scene, defies the King, recognises in him the murderer of his father, and straightway desires to have his blood; in which desire he is temporarily frustrated by the interposition of Nitocris; but the tyrant falls, nevertheless. One Kephed (Miss Anderton) the brother of Tyrak, rushing in in the very nick of time, and "finishing" the King of Egypt with a dagger. The police—the guards, we mean—enter to seize the regicide; but Nitocris summarily proclaims herself Queen, improvises a diadem, and, we suppose, gives a free pardon instantly to both Tyrak and Kephed.

In the next tableau, the "Avenue and Hall of Sphinxes in the city of Memphis," Nitocris, now enthroned as Queen, announces her intention of making the Ethiopian Tyrak her husband. A section of the governing classes, objecting possibly to the king-consort's complexion, and headed by Amenophis, the Prime Minister, murmur loudly at the Royal decision, which gives the Queen scope for a very neat tirade against the heartless interference of state policy with affairs of the heart. Some politicians among the audience, who had been reading the remarks of the "Times" newspaper, with reference to the projected matrimonial alliance with Prussia, look at the allusion rather warmly. Her Majesty, however, is decided in her choice, and cuts the discussion short by inviting everybody to a grand banquet in the gigantic grotto of Memnon, with its grotesque and herculean columns, and sacred fires, and where "the tables of the Sacred Crocodile are spread for a mighty feast—the Feast of Amity."

The grandees invited to this amicable banquet, however, have, meanwhile, conspired together, and determined to murder the hated Tyrak when the "ladies leave the room." The ladies (after a very *piquant*, and gracefully-arranged incidental ballet) do accordingly quit the apartment, and Egypt's aristocracy is left to enjoy its wine; but Tyrak, secretly instructed by the ever-watchful and ubiquitous Kephed, who has overheard the details of the conspiracy, has a treat in store for the "perfidious Ministers" of which they little dream. They rush upon him with daggers to accomplish their fell purpose, but he vanishes through a panel in the wall, and (grim turn-cock of the Nile) deliberately proceeds to let the water in. The effect may be imagined: rushing cataracts of water in the background—gauze waters rising in front, engulfing the guilty traitors; and then sinking again (whither it is not stated) only to discover a pile of drowned and ghastly corpses, illuminated by the lurid glare of the "new tinted electric light."

Now Egypt, as we have before stated, is the land of mystery; and it is not to be wondered at, if the fourth, fifth, and sixth tableaux of "Nitocris" (the two last of which are knocked into one, and take place entirely in dumb show) are of so mysterious a nature, in plot, dialogue, and general effect, as to defy analysis or description. There are preparations for war, a vision of the Pyramids by starlight, where Tyrak, sleeping at the base of the great Sphinx, sees two most portentous visions in blue and red fire, one of which bids him (in the child in Macbeth style) to beware of Amenophis, for that he has two lives; whereupon Tyrak starts up, sallies forth against Amenophis, and slays not only him, but his only son, who wears a blue helmet with a beak like a bird (the ibis, we presume). How Amenophis can have "two lives" is not explained, as he does not, visibly at least, come to life again; and vision No. two (the red one) is evidently as puzzled as we are, for it contents itself with appearing in the form of a "bogey," and hailing Tyrak as "King of Egypt"—a feeble-minded vision, decidedly.

After this, there is a Cimmerian fog of melodramatic incident, through which glimmer fitfully the departure of the King for battle, the sacred vestibule in the Temple at Karnak, the interior of the vast sanctuary, single combats, spectres, grand hieroglyphs, seers of the Pyramids, Assyrians, Lybians, Ethiopians, dancers of Memphis, cup-bearers, and burners of the incense. The whole resolves itself into a blaze of triumph—the return of Egyptian heroes from battle, and the grand coronation procession of Nitocris and Tyrak, with which, and a very splendid pageant it is, the drama terminates.

We should not be doing our duty as honest journalists, if we were to refrain from stating our matured opinion that the play of "Nitocris," as written by Mr. Fitzball, is simply nonsense. It is as deficient in coherence as in interest, and when the dialogue is not extravagantly violent, it is ludicrously absurd. Many of the tirades, combats, and effects, too, have the air positively of caricatures of the worst melodramas of the Cobourg school. Fustian is the prevailing element in the language, here and there seasoned by such axioms as, "Self-preservation is heaven's decree," which, though a time-honoured maxim, and undoubtedly veracious in the abstract, is, we take it, somewhat trite and hackneyed by this time. In a word, "Nitocris" is a tale told by—Mr. Fitzball, signifying nothing.

Miss Glyn did all for the unthankful part of the heroine that a commanding figure, expressive features, excellent delivery, and graceful action could do. But she could not make a character where no skeleton even of character existed. Mr. Barry Sullivan had a passion to tear in the Ethiopian, and tore it to tatters in the most approved melodramatic manner. Miss Anderton looked pretty as Kephed, which was about all she had to do. Mr. Stuart as Amenophis, rolled his eyes in the true conspirator's manner, and died like a man and a minister, "on the floor of the house." Miss Selby loomed in the distance as a Priestess of Isis, had little to say, but said it well. Mr. George Wild played one Cuzar, a drunken slave, who, as he had nothing whatever to do with the piece or the plot, we looked upon as a species of fly in amber, wondering "how the deuce he got there." Miss Rosina Wright headed the fair dancers of Memphis in the incidental ballet, and acquitted herself with much piquant grace and Egyptian agility, and there was some pretty dance music by M. H. Laurent, interspersed throughout.

Though we have been compelled to speak of "Nitocris" as a drama with some degree of censure, we gladly mention the scenery, decorations, costumes, and general "getting up" of this really gigantic spectacle with almost unqualified praise and admiration. Messrs. Nicholas, Cuthbert, Cooper, Gordon, and Aglio, to whom the production of the scenic effects has been confided, have placed on the stage a series of artistic tableaux, realising with the utmost minuteness and fidelity, the architectural, palatial, rural, and desert life of Egypt. The grotto of Memnon (Cuthbert) with its colossal statues bearing incense, is an excellently painted, and as excellently "set" scene; and the last grand "vast sanctuary" where the coronation procession takes place, is a triumph of architectural drawing and perspective, both linear and aerial; nor are the other accessories less deserving of commendation. Some learned pundit, deep in Denon and Wilkinson, who shrouds his real cognomen under the fantastic sobriquet of Dykwyntin, has laboured most indefatigably in the departments of costumes and properties, and the result is, that every dress, every banner, every weapon, every article of furniture, every idol, and lamp, and statue, bear the impress of fidelity to the period in all its quaintness, mystical symbolism, and picturesque detail. In conclusion, we can only regret that a great and artistic work, such as "Nitocris" is as a pageant, should be wedded to such a sorry performance, as it is as a play.

Next week we shall give an illustration of one of the most effective scenes in this remarkable dramatic spectacle.

DIPLOMACY IN THE EAST.—Diplomatists have always given great importance to the mysterious power which they claim to exercise by alternate suppleness and severity, by their intimate knowledge of the august characters of reigning princes, and the foibles which lay open Presidents and Ministers of the Interior to their subtle attacks. Diplomacy in the East, however, seems to partake of the character of Orientalism. It rules by terror. An Ambassador at the Porte is to his well-bred brethren of Paris and Vienna what an Anurath or Othuman might be to Louis XIV. A representative in the West attracts by his cook—in the East, he threatens by his dragoman.

FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

THE collection of shawls in the Paris *Palais de l'Industrie*, presents peculiar attractions, and few of the lady visitors fail to bestow on it a long and attentive examination. The French Cashmeres are, as was to be expected, surpassingly beautiful; and with them some specimens of British manufacture maintain honourable rivalry. The department allotted to the Indian and Chinese shawls is particularly curious. In one of the glass cases, there is a China crape shawl of marvellous beauty. The ground is white, and the embroidery, which is in coloured silk of the most brilliant hues, represents many of those scenes of Chinese life, so well described by Father Luc in his "Voyage en Chine." On this rare and curious shawl, are portrayed Mandarins, seated at small lacquered tables, playing at chess or at cards. Others are reading under the shade of trees. Chinese ladies are occupied in playing with their fans, or admiring their own features as reflected in small hand-mirrors. In one corner, we find a group of jugglers engaged in tricks or playing on instruments; and in another, we see birds, trees, flowers, and butterflies, dispersed amidst pagodas, kiosks, and bridges. In short, this shawl is a complete picture of China. M. Martin, of whose collection it forms a part, conceived that the ordinary silk fringe was of too plain a character to serve as a frame for it, and he has accordingly had it bordered with a curious and costly fringe made of ostrich and narabou feathers. This fringe, which is itself an exquisite production of French manufacture, is worth no less a sum than two thousand francs. The first specimen produced of this feather fringe was purchased by the Empress.

A splendid Indian shawl, in the same collection, attracts great admiration. The ground consists of compartments of red, white, and violet, connected together by Arabesque designs in gold embroidery.

FIGURE 1. (Evening Dress).—Robe of clear white muslin over a slip of white lace. The skirt has three broad flounces, scalloped, and ornamented with rich needle work. The corsage is low, and over it is worn a *jeu* or pelerine of a new pattern, called the *Fleche Ristori*. Its shape somewhat



THE BRONZE GALLEY, A MONUMENTAL TROPHY AT SEBASTOPOL,
SUPPOSED TO HAVE BEEN ERECTED TO COMMEMORATE THE CONQUEST OF THE CRIMEA.—(SKETCHED BY JULIAN PORTCH.)

resembles a half-handkerchief, the point being fastened at the back of the waist, and the ends crossed in front, where they are fixed by bows of blue ribbon. This *flcu* is trimmed with narrow frills of needlework, corresponding in pattern with the flounces. The sleeves are formed of puffs and frills of needlework, ornamented with bows of blue ribbon. Head-dress, white lace and bows of blue ribbon. White kid gloves and black satin shoes.

FIGURE II. (*Carriage Costume*).—Dress of brown silk, with three broad

flounces. The flounces are figured with stripes of silver gray, covered with a running pattern in black, and on each flounce there are two rows of brown fringes, one quite at the edge, and the other higher up. Shawl of India cashmere; the ground white, and the pattern embroidered in variegated colours, with a slight admixture of dead gold. Bonnet of white silk, trimmed with violet-coloured flowers in velvet.

FIGURE III. (*Walking Dress*).—Robe of dark-blue silk. The skirt has

four flounces, figured with black. The corsage is in the jacket form, with a basque, which, together with the frills on the sleeves, is ornamented with a pattern in black corresponding with that on the flounces. Mantle of black silk, trimmed with jet, and with three rows of black Chantilly lace. Collar and under-sleeves of worked muslin. Bonnet of pearl gray cut velvet, trimmed with ribbon of the same colour. Under trimming white blonde and bouquets of pink flowers.



EVENING DRESS.



FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

WALKING DRESS.

CARRIAGE COSTUME.

THE NEW CHAPEAU DE PAILLE.

We never admired Rubens's "Chapeau de Paille," excepting as a specimen of the artist's wonderful power of colouring. The lady in the picture is said to be a portrait of the great Fleming's wife, and, of course, he had every right to think her beautiful; but, to our mind, she carries, besides her straw hat, a great deal too much *bon point*. She is a kind of lady that ought not to be trusted too near the fire, lest, like Mr. Dickens's negroes in the Indian game of cricket, she should melt and disappear, leaving only a green spot to show where she stood. Whenever a medical gentleman sees that picture, we are sure that the first thought that rises to his mind must be copious bleeding and a lowering diet. We should say that Mrs. Rubens invariably ate meat for breakfast, and always had a hot supper before going to bed.

But if we object to ladies with a waist like a Royal oak, that is no reason why we should not admire straw hats. They have lately come into fashion, and we are infinitely obliged to the milliner who introduced them, for they dress up a plain countenance so becomingly, that they have added some hundreds of pretty faces to the immense number that already existed.

Swiss women and hay-makers have hitherto enjoyed an exclusive property in large-brimmed straw hats. In Switzerland, some of the brims are in circumference as big as a coach-wheel, and we have seen haymakers with hats that would do very well as carpenter's tool-baskets. The English ladies have chosen a size between the two, and remain satisfied with carrying on their heads an ornament no larger than a moderately-sized umbrella. We can understand the mother of a family preferring to wear a copious hat. In the first place, she can cover her children with it, as a hen nestles her chicks; thus keeping them not only under her eye, but also under her bonnet. Again, in wet weather, she can economise the household expenses, for instead of wasting money in cabs or omnibuses, she can keep them safe and dry, by turning her back to the rain, and covering her little ones with the fashionable thatch.

The principal reason why these straw hats are so much worn just now, is, we presume, not as a protection against the sun, but simply because they are becoming. They form a kind of glory round the face, and make a dark-brown background that shows off the whiteness of the skin and the colour of the hair. Old ladies wear them, because when seen from behind, these hats impart a youthful appearance,



THE NEW CHAPEAU DE PAILLE.—DRAWN BY KENNY MEADOWS.

and give to the aged matron the giddy frolicsome air of the young girl of sixteen. The deception is very perfect, and ought to be prohibited by the most stringent laws.

In France, they do not as yet understand the true theory of these straw hats. During the Queen's late visit to Paris, several young ladies made their appearance on the Boulevards, wearing for the first time in that country this extensive head-dress. Everybody turned to look, astonished by the majesty and grace of the wearer. They were thunderstruck by the high-jinks of the costume, more especially when their inquiring gaze was answered by the dangling front of the brim being pulled down with a string, like a blind, hiding the countenance as completely as if a lid had been put over it. Having occasion to speak two words of French, we were instantly recognised as an Englishman, and a thousand questions were addressed to us as to what the new costume meant. We could only explain away the wonder by replying that the English were much given to pic-nics, and that on such occasions they invariably made use of their children's head-gear as a substitute for a tea-table.

Although these straw hats are exceedingly becoming to most young ladies, yet we think that Government should, to some degree, restrict their dimensions, as Governments, in former days, restricted the length of the pointed toe to the shoe. We lately saw two of them stuck fast in the narrow passage of Little Turnstile, Holborn. It was a most distressing sight, and reminded us of two cabs we had seen, a few hours before, similarly situated in Wych Street. They impeded the thoroughfare for at least five minutes, and collected together such a crowd that it was a mercy nobody's pocket was picked. Suppose a statute of limitations were brought forward, by which it should be ordained that, at the age of twelve, the diameter of the bonnet should not exceed more than six times that of the waist, and that, at the age of sixty, the size of the rim should not be greater than the aged wearer can clear at a jump. We think such a sliding scale would

perfectly meet the exigencies of the case.

We should very much like to know the name of the inventress of the present mode. It is said that St. Clement was made the patron saint of hatters because he first discovered felt; and in Catholic countries hatters hold their festivals on his day. His invention was an accidental one, through his having put some wool between his sandals and the soles of his feet, which the pressure and motion of walking forced into a compact substance. But how did the lady who first brought out these fashionable Chapeaux de Paille obtain her first inspiration? We can half imagine that she stole the notion from the charming appearance presented by an apple woman carrying her shallow wicker basket on her head. Some of our greatest discoveries are due to the most insignificant causes, as the hatching-machine owes its origin to the fact of a Dutch lady, who wore nine flannel petticoats, having forgotten to empty the eggs out of her side-pocket.

Those saucy-looking bonnets that rested on the back of the head with scarcely more to hang on by than a boy behind a street cab, were excessively becoming, for they allowed us to see the entire extent of the white parting that, like a path, led up to the flowers that wreathed in the face. Nothing is more beautiful to look at than a lady's hair. The broad smooth bands shine with a soft brilliance that makes even a new hat look dim as a night-light next a house on fire. But these small bonnets were dangerous; and the same feeling which prompted society to forbid loaded fire-arms being carried in the streets, also rose up against the cruel tantalism of allowing too much of the female head to be exposed to view. To be avenged, the English ladies have taken to the desperate alternative of hiding their faces altogether. The man in the iron mask is nothing compared to the young girl in a broad-brimmed straw hat. You cannot even see her eyes, and you could hiss. They were of a light green colour.

TIMBUCTOO. — The whole town consists of houses built of mud, for the greater part only one storey high, while the wealthier people have all their houses raised to two storeys. There are at present merely three mosques in the town.

The market is well supplied with rich merchandise, much better than the market of Kano. But there is a great defect in the scarcity of current coin,—salt, a rather unmanageable sort of money, being the standard for all larger things, dollars being scarcely accepted in payment by anybody.



MOTHER SHELTERING CHILDREN BENEATH HER HAT.



TAKING TEA ON A CHILD'S ROUND HAT.

THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE AT LIVERPOOL.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge arrived at Knowsley on Monday last upon a visit to the Earl of Derby. On Tuesday the Duke, accompanied by the Earl of Derby, and attended by Colonel Tyrwhitt, arrived at Liverpool about 11 o'clock. The preparations for his reception were upon an extensive scale. The day was observed as a general holiday. The Exchange, the Corn-market, and all the shops and offices of the town were closed, and the entire population seemed to have poured itself into the streets along which the procession passed. Special trains from the great lives of manufacturing industry also arrived to swell the crowds and the cheers which greeted the Royal visitor. Every large seaport can exhibit a decent amount of "bunting," but the display of flags and banners in the streets of Liverpool on this occasion has probably never been paralleled in any city in the kingdom. From nearly every window and balcony in the principal streets, and in many of those of minor note, flags were displayed, but the great feature of the scene in the streets, apart from the crowds in the footway and the groups at every window, was the profusion of flags—English, French, Turkish, and Sardinian—carried across the streets from window to window, and floating gaily in the breeze.

His Royal Highness was received upon his arrival at the Town-hall by the Mayor of Liverpool, and conducted to the east drawing-room. The members of the council, in official costume, met his Royal Highness at the top of the staircase, and followed him into the drawing-room.

His Royal Highness made the following reply to the complimentary address of the Mayor and Corporation:—

Mr. Mayor, Recorder, and Gentlemen.—It is with feelings of the deepest satisfaction and gratitude that I have heard the address which has just been presented to me by yourself and by the aldermen and burgesses of this loyal and most important borough. The honour you have thus conferred upon me is the more gratifying, as you have associated my name with that of the gallant army with which it has recently been my privilege to serve in the field, and which has, I trust, proved itself worthy of this great country. If, during my period of service with that army, I have had the good fortune to merit the approbation of a great community, such as the one you represent, that is, indeed, an honour of which a soldier may be justly proud. Most cordially do I join with you in the feelings of satisfaction at the great success which has attended the arms of the Allies. May that success lead to further victories; and may the vigour with which the war is conducted, bring the Allies at no distant period to the complete attainment of the objects for which that war was undertaken. It affords me very great pleasure to have been permitted, on your kind invitation, to visit this great commercial community, in the prosperity of which, and all its valuable institutions, I feel the liveliest interest.

His Royal Highness was then conducted by the Mayor through the suite of rooms to the ballroom into the balcony at the centre window looking into the area of the Exchange Buildings. A vast crowd had assembled below, by whom the Duke was loudly cheered. The Duke and his party then paid a visit to the Exchange newsroom, where his Royal Highness was warmly received. Upon their return to the Town Hall, Lord Derby's carriage drove up, and his Royal Highness, accompanied by the Earl of Derby, the Earl of Hardwicke, and the Mayor, drove off to visit the public buildings and establishments of the town. The Mayor's state carriage and other carriages followed with the remaining members of the party. The sky was dull and cloudy, and this was the only drawback upon the brilliancy of the scene, for the sun's rays were wanted to bring out with due effect the gay colours of the innumerable streamers that floated across the streets. But, remembering the heavy and incessant rain that fell upon this very day (October 9) in the year 1851, when her Majesty and Prince Albert visited Liverpool, the people seemed thankful to escape the threatened showers. The cortege took the route by Castle Street and Lord Street, Lime Street, and Islington, to the Collegiate Institution, which was gaily decorated with flags. Here the pupils were drawn up, and the Principal presented an address to his Royal Highness from the boys. The Duke then proceeded to the public baths, the Derby Museum, and afterwards visited in succession the Bluecoat Hospital, the Sailors' Home, the Albert Dock and warehouses, and the Observatory. The Duke dined with the Mayor in the evening, and then attended a ball.

On Wednesday, his Royal Highness embarked at the landing-stage, on board the steamer Countess of Ellesmere, at half-past ten o'clock, for an excursion on the river. Only a small party, comprising his Royal Highness and suite, with the Mayor, and several of the authorities, were on board the steamer, which was accompanied by the new Woodside ferry-boat Liverpool, having on board the Birkenhead Commissioners and their friends. In the evening, his Royal Highness dined with T. B. Horsfall, Esq., M.P., and afterwards attended the grand concert at St. George's Hall, given in honour of his visit.

ELECTION OF VICE-CHANCELLOR OF OXFORD UNIVERSITY.

On Tuesday, the annual election of Vice-Chancellor took place in the Convocation House, when the Senior Proctor read a letter from the Chancellor, Lord Derby, nominating the present Vice-Chancellor, Rev. Doctor Cotton, Provost of Worcester College, for the fourth time. The Vice-Chancellor delivered the usual Latin oration, in the course of which he took a retrospect of the proceedings of the University during the past year, advertising to the alterations in its constitution, and complimenting the Hebdomadal Council on their industry and the result of their labours. Allusion was then made to the steps taken for the establishment of a new University Museum, the foundation of which has been laid by the Chancellor, and to the greater facilities which would be afforded thereby for the study of the natural sciences. The prize given by Lord Stanhope for the encouragement of the study of Natural History, and the Gaisford prize for the study of Greek, founded to perpetuate the memory of Dean Gaisford, whose death had occurred during the past year, were also adverted to. The Vice-Chancellor then paid a tribute of praise to the late Dean Gaisford, and eulogised his merits as a scholar, and his amiable qualities in all the relations of life. He also alluded to the death of another distinguished scholar, the Rev. Dr. Routh, late President of Magdalen College, who had filled that post of honour for 63 years, and was removed from the scene of his labours just as he had entered his 100th year. He dwelt on Dr. Routh's attachment to the Church, and on the services he had rendered it by his various works. The losses which the university had sustained by the death of Dr. Phillimore and of Dr. Fox, late Provost of Queen's College, were next commented on, and the Vice-Chancellor concluded his oration by urging upon all whom God spared, to regard these removals to a higher sphere as warnings that their days also were numbered, and as incentives to seize the opportunity of making themselves more diligent in their respective callings.

A PLAGUE OF FLIES.—An extraordinary plague of flies has prevailed in parts of Gloucestershire for several days. It was first detected a fortnight since, when the air was observed to be filled with the black-winged aphids—a class of insect very destructive to the undershoots of roses in the spring, but which is seldom found in force late in the year. The next day the plague increased, to the great annoyance of persons who were out of doors, and who had their eyes and nostrils filled with them. The rain appeared to cause but little abatement of the annoyance, though after a shower they were seen literally covering the ground.

INUNDATION OF A RAILWAY.—A singular circumstance recently occurred on the Birmingham and Shrewsbury Railway, at a place called Oakengate Tunnel, which created considerable surprise and alarm in the neighbourhood. It appears that the line, at the place mentioned, passes under a tunnel, above which, and separated only by an arch, runs the canal. Very unexpectedly, a division of this arch took place, and the water from the canal, which was emptied a distance of three miles, flowed with great force and rapidity into the railway. A suspension of the trains was in consequence occasioned, but no further accident took place.

ESCAPE OF TWO RUSSIAN CADETS.—The town of Lewes was thrown into a state of excitement, on Saturday last, by a report that two of the young men confined in the War Prison had escaped from custody, and shortly afterwards the various officials were making a diligent search for the fugitives, but without success. The exact period at which they effected this escape does not appear to be known, nor the manner in which they did it. They were both in the hospital for sickness, and have left their prison dress in their ward. As they have left their prison dress behind, their attire is not precisely known, and if it was, they have the means of procuring fresh, as they each had a large sum of money. One, it is said, decamped with upwards of £100, a portion of which belonged to other prisoners. They are both Finns, and, from having been in England a year, have acquired a moderate knowledge of the English language. One of them left his photograph in his ward, and it is in the hands of the police.

THE COURT.

In consequence of the fine weather which still prevails in the Highlands of Scotland, the Queen's visit is prolonged until Wednesday, the 17th inst. LORD ABERDEEN arrived at Balmoral, on Saturday last, on a visit to her Majesty.

THE EX-QUEEN OF THE FRENCH.—Queen Marie-Anne, the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier, their three children, and a numerous suite, left Brussels on Friday week by the railway to Cologne. The King of the Belgians, the Princess, and the Princess Charlotte, accompanied them as far as Mechlin. The ex-Queen of the French and the Duke and Duchess intend spending a part of the winter at Savona, near Genoa. The Duke and Duchess de Nemours have already proceeded to the same destination.

THE MARRIAGE OF LORD GEORGE MANNERS AND LADY ADELIZA HOWARD.

THE nuptials of the youngest daughter of the house of Howard with the youngest son of the house of Manners, were celebrated on Thursday, the 4th inst. Unlike the Peel alliance, this was acceptable to the connections of the contracting parties, and the ceremonial went off with corresponding éclat, St. James's Church being so overwhelmingly full of tumultuous curiosity-hunters, that the officiating clergyman (Rev. F. Norman, son-in-law of the Duke of Rutland) had to get up in the pulpit, and announce to the spectators that the sacred edifice was not a theatre, and that the performance they were going to witness was of a solemn, and not of a frivolous nature—a piece of information which seemed to take the majority of those to whom it was addressed considerably by surprise. "All the blood of all the Howards" was there, and very plebeian-looking blood it is—as much so as any belonging to the homeliest Smith, Brown, Jones, or Robin-on amongst us. To make the matter worse, the Duke himself is quite a dandy; and although long since a grandfather, thinks that as he has still coal-black hair of his own, there is no reason why he shouldn't try to pass for a Narcissus. His Grace's likeness is impressed with a singular vividness on all his offspring, especially his heir; with this difference, that the Duke is a man of most pugnacious aspect (though really most kind-hearted and good-natured), while the Earl of Arundel is a face-smile of his sire, mitigated by the monk-like air his monk-like life superinduces. On Thursday he conducted his sister, the bride, Lady Adeliza Matilda Fitz-Alan Howard (niet. twenty-six, four years younger than her sister, Lady Foley) from the vestry to the front of the altar; but there he halted, and handed his fair charge to their father, who gave her away in the Thirty-nine Article fashion; while Arundel, bethinking him mayhap of his predecessor, "the gentle Surrey," to whose head Henry VIII.'s axe put such unanswerable theological interrogatories, retreated from the reformed sanctuary, and stood with his spouse (daughter of the fighting sea Lyons) looking on mournfully at what he doubtless deemed a falling off of the branches of the family tree, so often lopped, chopped, and fired in the faith of the Hereditary Earls Marshal of England.—*London Correspondent of Liverpool Albion.*

DUKE versus GENTLEMAN.—The Duke of Somerset has addressed the following letter to the "Times" in reply to the communications of Mr. A. Hamilton and Major Green to which reference was made in our last number:—"Sir,—As you have made some observations upon my conduct in an interview with Mr. A. Hamilton, as reported by that gentleman himself, I trust that, in fairness to me, you will allow me to state that I do not admit the accuracy of his report. I declined all conversation with him that I might not be misrepresented, and he persisted, against my remonstrance, in his endeavour to prolong the interview. In declining to hear the private matters which he wished to press upon me, I deny that I used any language which could justly give offence. It is now manifest that he hoped to entangle me in some electioneering scheme, from which I only escaped by declining any further conversation. I will not trespass longer on your valuable space; but remain your obedient servant, SOMERSET.—Maiden-Bradley, Oct. 3." According to the "Times" of Wednesday last, Mr. Hamilton has written a long letter to that journal in explanation of the above note, which it, however, characteristically refuses to publish, or "to have anything more to do with the feud now raging between the noble houses of Hamilton and Seymour."

A CHARGE AGAINST THE PREMIER.—While homage is being paid to Lord Palmerston's patriotism on the one hand, on the other the denunciations of his alleged treason are proceeding to hitherto unattempted lengths in the accumulation of evidence in the support of their charge. The committees sitting at Newcastle-on-Tyne, Sheffield, and Birmingham, investigating certain allegations, have raked together and methodised all sorts of extraordinary data, sufficient to form a thrilling three-volume romance; only among the principal witnesses are such very unromantic personages as the late Mr. Porter, of the Board of Trade, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. McGregor, the Member for Glasgow, and numerous others, including several of the hardware masters of the north, who, for some unaccountable reason or other, pursue all tracks likely to end in the unearthing of the Tiverton fox, being now in full cry upon what seems a most astounding scent, namely, the bestowal of the Leipzig consulship, several years ago, on a Jew named Hart, alleged to have formerly kept a gambling-house in St. James's, and to have lost a sum of £20,000 in two nights to Palmerston, by direction of the Princess Lieven. This would seem downright fooling if it were not for the circumstantiality with which it is set forth, and the numerous real names of real writers, not men of straw but men of iron, appended to the proofs of each portion of the charge.—*Liverpool Albion.*

THE ROEBUCK TESTIMONIAL.—The following letter has been received by Mr. F. T. Mappin, the Master Cutler, from Sir E. Bulwer Lytton:—"Knebworth Park, Stevenage, Herts, Sept. 25.—Sir,—I have the honour to enclose you a cheque for £10 in aid of the Roebuck testimonial. Permit me to add, that in my slight contribution to this well-merited tribute, I waive altogether the consideration of Mr. Roebuck's especial politics. I do not even desire by it to mark my approval of the part he took in the appointment and proceedings of the Sebastopol committee. I do not ask myself where I have agreed with or differed from Mr. Roebuck in the opinions he has expressed, or the line of policy he has adopted. I desire only, as a member of the British Parliament, to convey my sense of the dignity conferred upon the national assembly by any man who, whatever be the party he espouses, brings into its debates commanding intellect and unimpeachable integrity. England, it is true, has many men thus nobly characterised, but none in whom more conspicuously than in your representative the regard for her material interests is accompanied by anxiety for her honour and pride in her renown—none who, whether he be right or wrong in the eyes of others, would more rigidly abstain from the wrong, or more firmly maintain the right, according to the lights of his own judgment and the dictates of his own conscience. Tributes such as the one now proposed are monuments to living worth, more wisely designed than those which we devote to the dead. For I know not why we should delay our tokens of respect to those who deserve them until the heart that our sympathy could have gladdened has ceased to beat. As men cannot read the epitaphs inscribed upon the marble that covers them, so the tombs that we erect to virtue often only prove our repentance that we neglected it when with us. I rejoice that in this case its due appreciation comes before the sense of its loss.—I have the honour to be, sir, your very obedient servant, EDWARD BULWER-LYTTON."

A TABLET TO THE MEMORY OF FRANKLIN, with an inscription written by Lady Franklin, is now on its way out to the Arctic Regions, in the United States Expedition, to be placed on Beechey Island, by the officers and crew of the American Expedition, commanded by Lieutenant H. J. Harstein, in search of Dr. Kane and his companions.

ABBOT LAWRENCE AND HIS WILL.—The will of the late Mr. Abbot Lawrence, who died recently, bears impress of his residence as ambassador in England, and his study of the charities of London. Among other things, he leaves 50,000 dollars for the erection of model lodging-houses for the poor, one-half the income from them to accumulate as a fund for their maintenance and extension, the other half to go to the revenues of the public library of the city.

M. VINCENZO D'ERRICO, of the moderate constitutional party, and deputy in the Neapolitan Parliament of 1848, has just died at Turin. He was one of the richest men in the country until the re-action of 1849, when all his possessions were confiscated. He has since been living as a refugee at Turin.

A NOVEL RACE.

A SPANIARD, named Genaro, a noted runner, wagered 2,000 francs that he would run against any number of horses on the race-course of Long-champs, Paris, which is 2,296 yards round—the horses to trot or gallop, but not to walk, and Genaro not to be allowed to walk either—the winner being the horse or man who should go round the course the greatest number of times. Thirteen horses were entered, of whom ten only were taken to the post. Genaro, who is thirty-three years of age, and of a vigorous and wiry frame, was dressed in his national costume.

The signal having been given, the horses and Genaro started. In the third round, Nobbler and Miss Grinaway were put out of the race for falling into a walk; for the same reason Penman was beaten in the fifth round, Scavenger in the seventh, Pacha in the thirteenth, Coquette in the fourteenth, Taurus and Sultane in the twenty-third. There now remained but two horses running, Loto and Old Ireland, but these had galloped away at a most unnecessary pace, and had made forty turns while poor Genaro was only in his twenty-third. Still there was a chance for the pedestrian, for those two horses, which were much distressed, could not have continued to run much longer, and had they given up the contest, Genaro would have been allowed by the terms of the race to go on at as slow a trot as he pleased, till he had made up the distance that they had gained upon him. But between seven and eight o'clock, when it was very nearly dark, Genaro, who had suffered much from the heat of the day and the heavy nature of the ground, fell down senseless, and was carried off to the weighing-house. The owners of Loto and Old Ireland, not wishing to kill their horses, immediately agreed to divide the stakes. These horses (old and famous steeplechasers) had done twenty leagues and three-quarters in five hours and a-half. Genaro in the same time ran nearly twenty-three turns, or about twelve leagues.

Not disheartened by his failure, Genaro proposed to make another attempt. The conditions of the wager were, however, changed; he stipulated that the horses should be forced to make four rounds of the course—three rounds. He further required that the contest should be limited to seven hours, and that the horse or himself who should in that time make the greatest relative number of rounds should be the winner. Eight horses, competed with him, on Sunday last. Old Ireland, Loto (the two who beat him on the last occasion), Pacha, Fenman, Coquette, Chibouque, Surprise, and the Trainer. Fenman was beaten after having made three rounds, Loto, who ran against the cords and fell, after four, Coquette and Surprise after five, the Trainer after seven, and the Pacha and Chibouque after ten. Old Ireland went not fewer than thirty-three times round, and was then obliged to stop in consequence of an accident. Genaro continued until he had completed twenty-five rounds, which made his proportion greater than that of the horse, and he was proclaimed the winner. He commenced his exploit at ten o'clock in the morning, and finished it at ten minutes past four. The distance he accomplished was 12½ French leagues, or upwards of 30 English miles.

FALSE REPORT OF ANOTHER ATTEMPT TO ASSASSINATE THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.—A man named Charles Antoine Bador was arrested at Boulogne on the 21st of September. It is alleged that he was heard to declare openly that a member of that corps d'élite, the Cent Gardes, had shot at the Emperor and broken his arm, that he had been immediately put to death by the bystanders, and that his corpse had been concealed. These particulars he professed to have from a member of the Imperial household. After his arrest, his lodgings were searched, and there were found in them a musket and a bayonet, 36 cartridges, and a poinard, with a carved handle, representing the head of Satan. The man wears the decoration of the Legion of Honour, which, it appears, was conferred upon him in July, 1830. He admits having taken part in the rising of February, 1848. Bador is a respectable-looking man, sixty-three years of age. He was formerly a coachman, afterwards a wine-shop keeper, and latterly a mercantile clerk. With him, a clerk in the telegraphic office will be tried for having despatched the false news by telegraph.

SINGULAR CREDULITY.—A Frenchman, named Clermont, who has for some time picked up a good deal of money from credulous people, by pretending to be a pilgrim, charged to say prayers for sick persons in churches dedicated to particular saints, committed a few days ago a very impudent robbery. He told the wife of a farmer of Hiron, named Dessau, that he could cause a miraculous increase in her money by praying over it. The credulous woman collected all she had, amounting to about 300fr., and by his direction placed it in the bedchamber, and locked the door. He then sent her to church to pray, and ordered the servant to pray in the garden, he taking charge of the key of the door, and promising to offer up prayers on the staircase. The two women after a short time returned home, but they found to their surprise that the worthy pilgrim had walked off with the money. The gendarmes were immediately sent in pursuit of him, and after some search they succeeded in capturing him in a neighbouring village with the money in his possession.

THE HINCHFORD CONSERVATIVE CLUB, which combines the discussion of politics with the distribution of rewards to deserving labourers, celebrated its annual meeting, Oct. 5, at Castle Hedingham. There was an evident diminution of interest in its proceedings by the labourers themselves, and the meeting was almost exclusively of a political character.

POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—A most interesting and instructive course of lectures is now being delivered every Monday evening to the industrious classes. Last Monday, the subject of the lecture was, "The Adulteration of Food," by Mr. Jacob Bell. The lectures are well attended; from 1,000 to 1,500 persons are usually present at each of the lectures.

A ROBBERY OF GREAT AUDACITY was perpetrated the other night at the French Exhibition. A very handsome meerschaum pipe, artistically carved, and which had been purchased by the Emperor, was removed from under the glass globe in which it had been placed. A label was attached to it, saying that it belonged to his Majesty.

THE PHYSIOLOGICAL ERRORS OF TESTIMONIALS were discussed at Exeter Hall on Monday last, in a lecture by Dr. F. R. Lees, whose professed object was to refute the principles enunciated on the subject in the July Number of the "Westminster Review." The hall was filled by an audience of both sexes, composed, as their frequent and vociferous cheering sufficiently proved, of persons pledged to the views of the lecturer.

THE ADMINISTRATIVE REFORM ASSOCIATION has just issued a second address. It refers briefly to the disposition exhibited by the Government and Parliament on the question of Administrative Reform in the late session; endeavours to point out the necessity of continued efforts, and the difficulties to be overcome; urges the importance of the question, as bearing on the purity and independence of Parliament and the advancement of education; and announces the resolution of the committee to re-open the agitation, by holding meetings in the leading towns of the kingdom.

LAST SUNDAY AFTERNOON above a thousand persons assembled in Bonner's Fields to protest against certain encroachments on Victoria Park. A similar demonstration is announced to take place on Sunday, Oct. 21.

THE ANNUAL MEETING of the "United Kingdom Alliance," for the total and immediate legislative suppression of the liquor traffic, was held on Wednesday week at the Manchester Athenæum.

SUSPENSION OF PAYMENT OF DE LISLE AND CO.—During the past week, an announcement was made of the suspension of Messrs. De Lisle, Janvry, and De Lisle, foreign merchants and bankers, with liabilities for £400,000. The house was among the oldest and most respectable in London, and it is believed, apparently on better grounds than are usual on such occasions, that the liquidation will not prove disastrous. On Monday last a meeting of creditors took place at the banking-house of the firm, and after various measures proposing to render assistance to Messrs. De Lisle and Janvry in their attempts to resume business were adverted to, the meeting was adjourned until 12 o'clock this day (Saturday).

TERRIFIC BOILER EXPLOSION.—A terrific boiler explosion took place at the works of Messrs. Losh, Wilson, and Bell, at Walker-on-Tyne, on Monday last. The boiler, after exploding, was thrown a distance of 100 yards, and in its progress destroyed a large amount of property. Six men have been dug out dead, and many are seriously injured. One lad was blown into the Tyne, and a man had his head taken off.

POSTAGE STAMPS.—According to the "Gazette" of Tuesday last, the long-promised arrangements for impressing with postage stamps paper sent in by the public for the envelopes of letters, are now completed. The Board of Inland Revenue is, therefore, prepared to receive paper for the purpose of being impressed with stamps for denoting the several rates of postage, subject to certain regulations.

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THE FOLLOWING IS AN EXTRACT from the Second Edition (page 188) of the Translation of the "Pharmacopoeia" of the Royal College of Physicians of London, by Dr. G. F. Collier, published by Longman and Co.:—"It is no small defect in this compilation (speaking of the 'Pharmacopoeia') that we have no purgative mass but what contains aloes; yet we know that hemorrhoidal persons do not bear aloes, except it be in the form of COCKLE'S PILLS, which chiefly consist of aloes, scammony, and colocynth, which I think are formed into a sort of compound extract, the acidity of which is obviated, I suspect, by an alkaline process, and by a fourth ingredient (unknown to me) of aromatic tonic nature. I think no better or no worse of its being a patent medicine. I look at it as an article of commerce and domestic convenience, and do not hesitate to say it is the best made pill in the kingdom; a mucous purge, a mucous purge, and a hydrogogue purge, combined, and their effects properly controlled by a diuretic and cathartic. That it does not commonly produce hemorrhoids, like most aloe pills, I attribute to its being thoroughly soluble, so that no undissolved particles adhere to the mucous membrane."

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